* Sept. 19, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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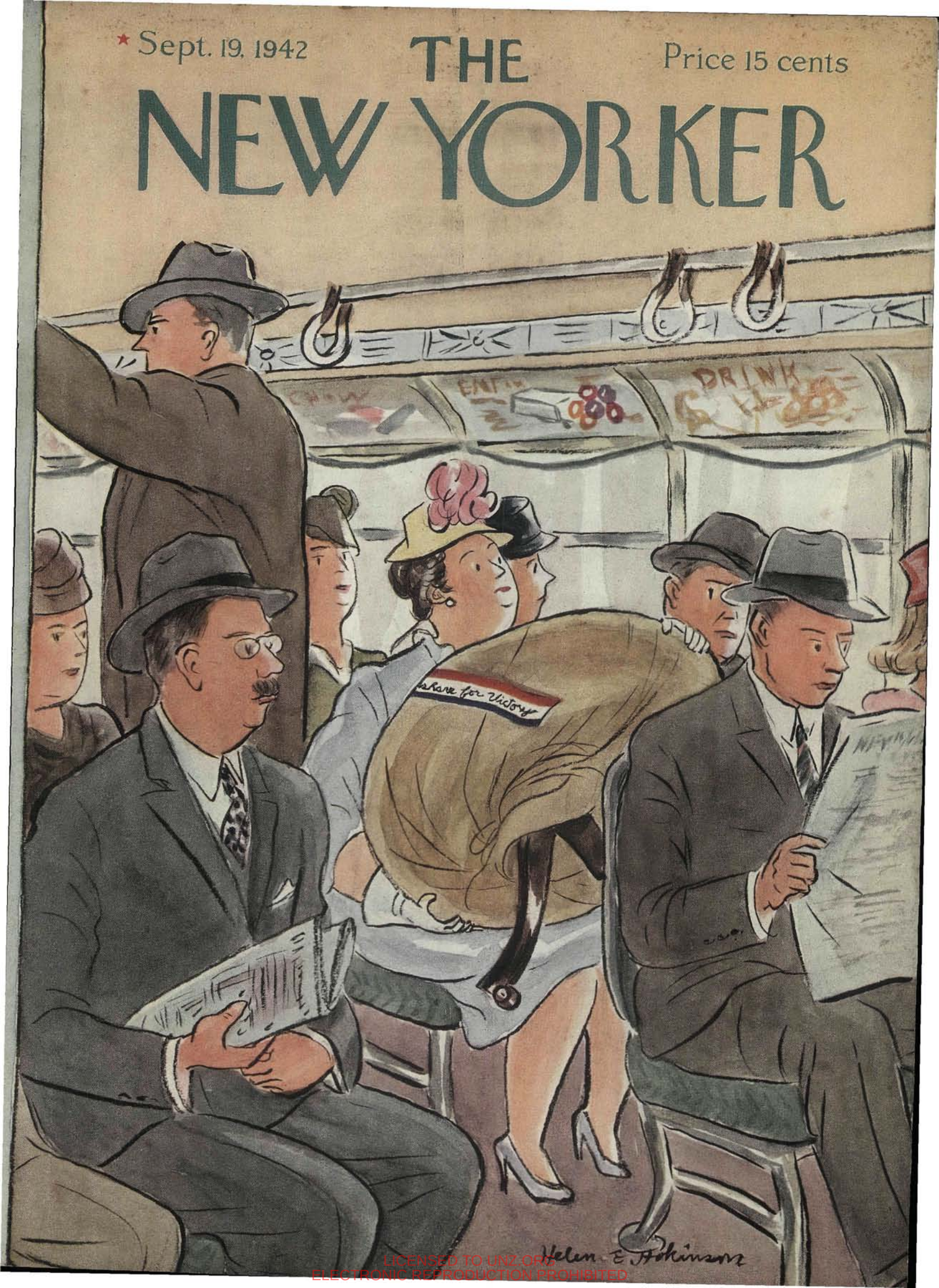

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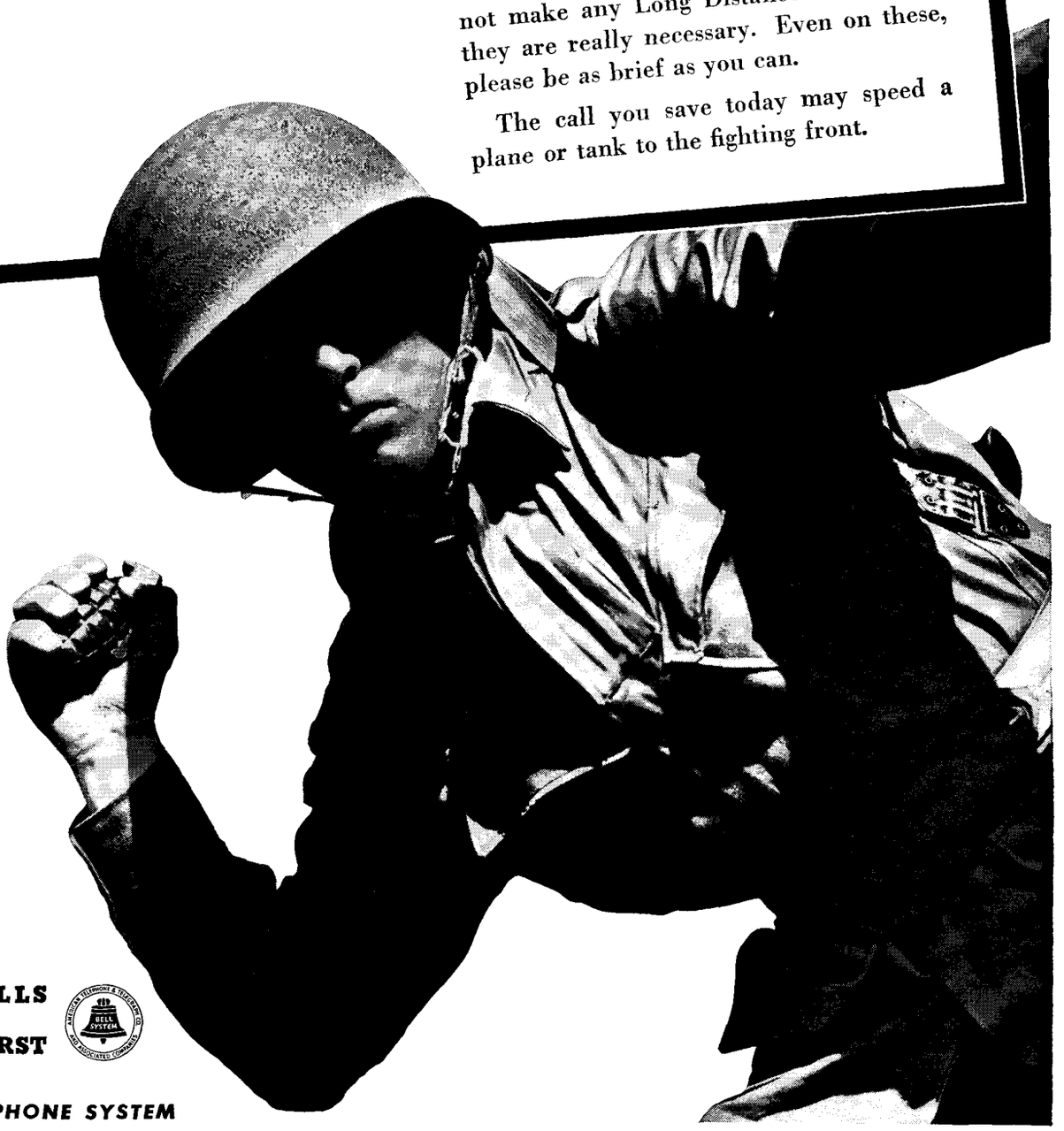

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Laura Hope Crews, Effie Shannon, and Erich von Stroheim account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the best foreign play of last season. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter, Beverly Bayne, and Robert Shayne. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Sept. 17, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and turned them into one of the most agreeable comedies you're likely to see. Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish are filling in as Father and Mother while Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are on vacation. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Uncle Harry—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Morning Star—A play by Emlyn Williams, with Gladys Cooper and Cecil Humphreys. Staged and produced by Guthrie McClintic. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and pleasant. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Porgy and Bess—Cheryl Crawford's superior revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., Sept. 26.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Sept. 18, at 2:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

This Is the Army—Ezra Stone has directed this magnificent successor to "Yip, Yip, Yaphank." The all-service cast includes several young actors you've seen from time to time, and the music and lyrics, of course, are by Irving Berlin. An Army Emergency Relief Fund benefit. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun. Closes Sat., Sept. 26.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

New Priorities of 1943—Harry Richman, Carol Bruce, and Bert Wheeler in a vaudeville show produced by Clifford C. Fischer and the Shuberts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

Show Time—More vaudeville, this one with George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Let Freedom Sing—A topical revue, with music and lyrics by John Latouche, Harold J. Rome, Marc Blitzstein, and others, and with a cast headed by Mitzi Green. Produced by the Youth Theatre. Opens Mon., Sept. 21. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Vickie—A farce by S. M. Herzig, with José Ferrer and Uta Hagen. Staged by Frank Mandel and Mr. Ferrer and produced by Mr. Mandel. Opens Tues., Sept. 22. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Sept. 24 and 26, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

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THE NEW YORKER
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MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—A skating show, with a cast which includes a number of the performers who appeared in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Ice-Capades—Chester Hale is in charge of this production, in which there are about a hundred skaters. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sun. Closes Sun., Sept. 20.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Iolanthe," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Sept. 17, 19, and 20, and 24, 26, and 27, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room reopened recently, with Ray Heatherton's orchestra playing for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable way to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry's current headquarters offers music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Stanley Melba's orchestra provides music for dancing in the Café Pierre from teatime on, and there's a small show.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room will reopen for the season on Wed., Sept. 23, with Hildegarde and Bob Grant's orchestra. (There will be a benefit preview for the Navy League on the preceding night. For tickets, call PL 9-5732.)

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The new show in Radio City's aerial nook includes Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff. Music by Del Casino's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr and his orchestra play for dancing on the Viennese Roof.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Renée De Marco is dancing in the Café Lounge. Roy Ross's orchestra is on hand and also plays for tea dancing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ted Steele's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—This blend of Broadway and the East Side offers music by Ben Cutler's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. There's also a new show.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays all evening on the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr's orchestra and a small show, with Georges and Jalna, turn up at the supper hour.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and Fred Keating are heading the show in this sequestered place. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy is back, singing those hearty songs of hers, and Betty Bryant is spelling her. . . . **la vie parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Yvonne Bouvier and a small show. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays the piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick

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BOURJOIS NEW YORK

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra (to be replaced by Maximillian Bergère's on Thurs., Sept. 24), a rumba band, and a new show. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): mainly swing, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra, but there are also the Revuers and a rumba trio. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra will be replaced by Tommy Tucker's on Sat., Sept. 26. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a condensed version of "Of V We Sing," with Jack Gilford and other members of the Broadway cast—all surrounded by a tropical setting. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind; Joe Frisco is there, too. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson, Lee and Lester Young's orchestra, and other entertainers. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his band play in this downtown place. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Eddie South's band is installed behind the bar. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's Mary Lou Williams' orchestra. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

ART

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: oils by Cranach, Fragonard, Feininger, Derain, Vlaminck, and others, from the sixteenth century to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 26. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Gris, Klee, Picasso, Maillol, Feininger, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 10. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: paintings by Léger, Miró, Chagall, Calder, and other contemporaries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

FRENCH—Oils by Courbet, Monet, Manet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 9.

GROUPS—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58: paintings by present-day American, French, and Mexican artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 19. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: war posters and paintings by Benton, Curry, Bohrod, and others. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 19. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: oils by Kroll, Laufman, Etnier, and other members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Brackman, Hurd, Pleissner, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . DOWNTOWN, 43 E. 51: paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery's group, including Davis, Karfiol, Kuniyoshi, and Guglielmi. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 10.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Special exhibits: posters of the eighteen-nineties, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30); bronzes and prints of Western scenes by Frederic Remington (through Oct. 31); water colors of American scenes by Paul Petrovich Svinin, an early-nineteenth-century Russian artist (through Nov. 15). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. . . . The Museum has opened the residence of its former president, the late George Blumenthal, at 50 E. 70, as a temporary branch, with the building's Spanish patio and part of the Museum's collection of arms and armor on view. Tues., Thurs., and Sat., from 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 17.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A fifth-anniversary showing which includes works by Balcomb Greene, I. Rice Pereira, and Alexander Calder. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

SCULPTURE—In addition to the customary showing of works by members, the outdoor exhibit of the Sculptors Guild this fall includes contributions from other artists of the United Nations and loan collections from the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan and Whitney Museums: Terrace Roof, International Bldg., Radio City. Daily from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

SCULPTURE AND DRAWINGS—An exhibition of sculptures by Daumier, Renoir, Picasso, Degas, and other painters, and drawings by Despiau, Maillol, Barlach, Lachaise, and other sculptors: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 10.

WATER COLORS—Works by Archipenko, Hermione David, and others: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Sculptures, paintings, water colors, drawings, and prints from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

HERE AND THERE—At the COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES, 451 Madison, at 50: sculptures by Malvina Hoffman. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 18. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: cartoons and caricatures by British artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 25. . . . EIMER & AMEND, 49 E. 34: paintings by Stan. Weekdays 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 26. . . . A.C.A., 26 W. 8: paintings by Jan Schreuder. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 26. . . . ORREFORS, 5 E 57: sculptures by Peter Joseph Grippe. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 26. . . . KOHN, 608 5 Ave., at 49: water colors by John O'Hara Cosgrave II. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Oct. 16.

MUSIC

OPERA—The Committee for the Preservation of Austrian Art and Culture presenting "The Beggar Student," Fri. through Sun., Sept. 25-27, at 8:30 P.M. (Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55. CO 5-9089.) . . . The Salmaggi Company in "Otello," Sat., Sept. 19, and "La Bohème," Sat., Sept. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Sat., Sept. 19, at 2:30 P.M., Sun., Sept. 20 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., and Mon., Sept. 21, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 22-23, at 3 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs., Sept. 17, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 24-25 (doubleheaders), at 1:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Boston, Sat., Sept. 26, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., Sept. 17, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri., Sept. 18, at 3 P.M., Sat., Sept. 19, at 2:30 P.M., Sun., Sept. 20 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Wed., Sept. 23, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Giants, Tues., Sept. 22, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Boston, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 24-25, at 3 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Chalky Wright vs. Charley Costantino, 15 rounds, for the featherweight title, Fri., Sept. 25; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

DOG SHOWS—Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Darien, Sat., Sept. 19, at 10 A.M.; a Navy Relief Society benefit. . . . Suffolk County Kennel Club, Huntington, Sat., Sept. 26, at 10 A.M.

FOOTBALL—Sat. Aft., Sept. 26: Columbia vs. Ft. Monmouth (an Army Emergency Relief Fund benefit), Baker Field, at 2:30; Cornell vs. Lafayette, Ithaca, at 2:30; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, Worcester, at 2:30; Harvard vs. North Carolina Navy Pre-Flight School, Cambridge, at 2:30; Navy vs. William & Mary, Annapolis, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Georgia Naval Aviation Cadets (a U.S.O. benefit), Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Lakehurst Naval Air Station (a war-relief benefit), Princeton, at 3.

GOLF—New Jersey State Seniors' Championship, Essex Fells C.C., Essex Fells, Thurs., Sept. 17. . . . Women's New Jersey State Championship, Upper Montclair C.C., Upper Montclair, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 17-18. . . . Invitation Tournament, Garden City C.C., Garden City, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 25-27. . . . Invitation Tournament, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 25-27.

HORSE SHOW—Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 17-19, at 9 A.M.; an Army Emergency Relief Fund benefit.

RACING—Daily at Aqueduct, at 1:45 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 19. (The Beldame Handicap and the Cowdin, Sept. 19.) Trains will leave Penn Station on Thurs. and Fri. at 11:44 A.M. and 12:44 P.M., and on Sat. at 11:44 A.M. and 1:08 P.M. . . . Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 1:45 P.M., starting Mon., Sept. 21. (The Manhattan Handicap and the Matron Stakes, Sept. 26.) . . . Special match race between Alsab and Whirlaway, Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, R.I., Sat., Sept. 19, at 2:30 P.M.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: daily at 6 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 19. Trains to Westbury will leave Penn Station on Thurs. and Fri. at 4:51 and 5:17 P.M., and on Sat. a train to Meadowbrook will leave Penn Station at 4:45 P.M.

YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound: Indian Harbor Y.C., Sun., Sept. 20, at 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: a collection of photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 4. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Radio City: films and exhibits touching on home defense, along with many other aspects of warfare. A good chance to have a look at a Messerschmitt and a Heinkel, both shot down over England, and at a German bomb sight. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION—Winning designs in the Fine Arts Federation's competition for plans to reconstruct Battery Park and preserve the Aquarium: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MINEOLA FAIR—This year's event is the centennial exhibition of flowers and vegetables from Long Island's farms and gardens: Fair Grounds, Mineola, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 17-19, from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. (Rodeo, daily at 2:45 and 8 P.M.; Red Cross motorized-equipment parade, Thurs. at 3:45 P.M.)

HARVEST SHOW—Vegetable and flower exhibits, described as typifying the work of gardeners in wartime; a benefit for Army and Navy relief funds: Grand Central Palace, Mon., Sept. 21, from 6 to 10 P.M., and Tues. and Wed., Sept. 22-23, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ON THE AIR—News commentators: Raymond Clapper, Thurs., Sept. 24, at 10 P.M., WOR; Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 6 P.M., WABC; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, daily at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Alexander P. de Seversky, Sat. at 7:45 P.M., WEAF; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs. and Mon., Sept. 17

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

and 21, at 10 P.M., WOR; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: daily at 6:30 P.M., WOR; Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WINS; Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 6 and 8 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—English and French eighteenth-century furniture, paintings, Gothic and Flemish tapestries, Oriental rugs, and Aubusson carpets, owned by Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, Mrs. Julia Marlowe Sothern, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 17-19, at 2 P.M. . . . English, Chinese, and European porcelains and French and Italian furniture, owned by the late Mrs. Henry M. Tilford: Fri. and Sat., Sept. 25-26, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at Gimbels, 6 Ave. at 33—European seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture, porcelains, glass, and Oriental rugs, belonging to Mrs. W. W. Hoffman and others: Fri. and Sat., Sept. 18-19, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet, and a certain amount of espionage are offered for your approval, and should get it. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Sept. 24.)

BAMBI—Disney's latest full-length nature story, centred around a deer. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., Sept. 20. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Tues., Sept. 18-22. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 18-24. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 23-24.)

THE GOLD RUSH—Charlie Chaplin has added modern improvements to his famous classic, and the result, with its music and its narrative, is highly delightful. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 19-22. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Sept. 21-22.)

THE INVADERS—Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey as three worthy Canadians who all at once have to deal directly with a small Nazi group just off a submarine. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 20-22.)

KINGS ROW—An adult story, well written and firmly acted. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, Claude Rains, and a generally fine cast. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 23-25.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—Orson Welles' treatment of the novel by Tarkington. A dark and tricky treatment it is, too, but that's Mr. Welles for you. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, and Tim Holt. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., Sept. 17.)

MRS. MINIVER—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, with Dame May Whitty, in a story of the war and how the English are enduring it in their country houses and once quiet villages. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Sept. 23. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., Sept. 19-23. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Mon., Sept. 21. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; starting Tues., Sept. 22.)

MOSCOW STRIKES BACK—Scenes from Russia's counterdrive of last winter, with a sometimes illogical commentary in English. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Sept. 18.)

THE PIED PIPER—Monty Woolley and some children not his own travel across invaded France. Mr. Woolley is especially winning. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Sept. 23. . . . R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 18-24.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court, with a jailbreak and an attempted lynching in the curriculum. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Sept. 23.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—A somewhat curious comedy laid in Poland at the time of the invasion, and mostly a joke on the Gestapo. With Carole Lombard and Jack Benny. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 18.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—James Cagney in a momentous, tremendous "life story" of George M. Cohan, which includes the old songs, scenes from the great shows, tunes, and hoofing in the grand style. With Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, and Walter Huston. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; nightly at 8:45; Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30, and other days at 2:45.)

REVIVALS

ARISE, MY LOVE (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and war. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 18-20.)

BACK STREET (1941)—Fannie Hurst's old tale of love and tears. Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 22-23.)

THE BEACHCOMBER (1938)—A Somerset Maugham story of carryings-on in the South Seas that has nothing to do with the present. Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 23-24.)

BLACKOUT (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 19-22.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 23-25.)

GO WEST (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 21-23.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 19-22.)

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Sept. 18.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 19-21.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 18-19.)

INTOLERANCE (1916)—D. W. Griffith's jumbo job, with a cast including everyone who was in pictures then and some who still are. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Thurs., Sept. 17.)

THE LETTER (1940)—Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson in Somerset Maugham's drama about the Singapore of other days. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 19-22.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 19-22.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Sept. 17.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Claudette Colbert stranded in Paris. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 19-21.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. Jean Gabin. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 23-25.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 19-21.)

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Fri., Sept. 18.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin music. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 18-21. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 22-23.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., SEPT. 17-18:** "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), Russian film. **SAT. AND SUN., SEPT. 19-20:** "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (1939), Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Paul Lukas. **MON. AND TUES., SEPT. 21-22:** Episode 6 of "The Exploits of Elaine" (1915), Pearl White; Episodes 1 and 12 of "Buck Rogers" (1938), Buster Crabbe; and Episodes 1 and 12 of "The Adventures of Red Ryder" (1940). **WED. AND THURS., SEPT. 23-24:** a review of documentary films from the earliest days up to 1938, arranged by Alberto Cavalcanti. **FRI. AND SAT., SEPT. 25-26:** "Song of Ceylon" (1935), English documentary; and "Vocation" (1935), French documentary.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who want to help by taking one of the many thousands of local emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to the wartime tasks under its immediate supervision and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, and United Service Organizations.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O. at the moment, all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month course, will do regular vocational and recreational work with children; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross course and then work at least one full day every week as nurses' helpers in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men and women to work from nine to twenty hours a week as administrative and clerical assistants in the Departments of Health and Welfare in connection with social-service and evacuation work; (4) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens; (5) boys from sixteen to twenty-one, preferably with bicycles or skates, to be trained for emergency messenger duty; (6) men not immediately subject to the draft to work one evening a week as auxiliary firemen.

People who, for one reason or another, can't volunteer on a steady basis have been asked to register with the C.D.V.O. to serve as spot workers on short-notice jobs. (The sugar-rationing board, for instance, at one time required the immediate but temporary assistance of some 400 clerks.) There is also a need for men and women to help out whenever and as long as they can at civilian fingerprinting stations. Volunteers for this work will be given a preliminary three-hour period of training.

SALVAGE—The government is currently asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal, especially pewter, which is about 80 per cent tin. Salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of munitions. If you want to help out in this campaign, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can, such as those coffee comes in, and keep what you collect in a cool place, to prevent its becoming rancid, until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more, and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . In town, according to Mayor LaGuardia, tin cans need no preparation for salvage, as there is a plant nearby equipped to extract their valuable tin and steel regardless of what condition they are in. They should be piled in paper boxes and placed on the sidewalk shortly before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Reports from Washington indicate that there may soon be a call for old silk stockings, and the public has been asked to start saving them in anticipation of such an appeal. They can be used in making powder bags for the fleet's guns.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Provisions for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance on these matters, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one near your home and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat. . . . The tin-can situation remains tricky outside the city. There it is still necessary to wash the cans, remove their paper labels, and press them almost, but not quite, flat after cutting out both their ends.

GIFTS AND LOANS—Phonographs and phonograph records, radios, books, floor lamps, and games (especially darts, Chinese checkers, and backgammon) are in great demand for men in the services and will be called for by a representative of the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), although it will be appreciated if you will bring them in yourself. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Naval Gun Factory, Zeiss, and Bausch & Lomb binoculars. If you have any to lend, call RE 2-9100 to see if yours meet the required specifications, and, if so, turn them in at the U.S.O. booth in Penn Station or at 90 Church Street, Room 909. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366), needs band instruments to distribute among men in the services and will send around for any you can spare.

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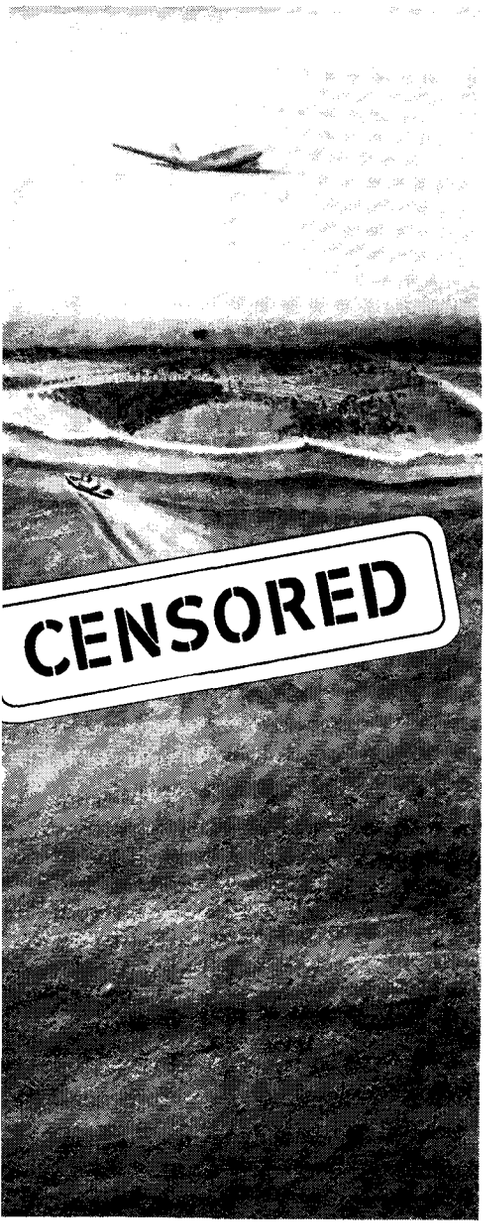

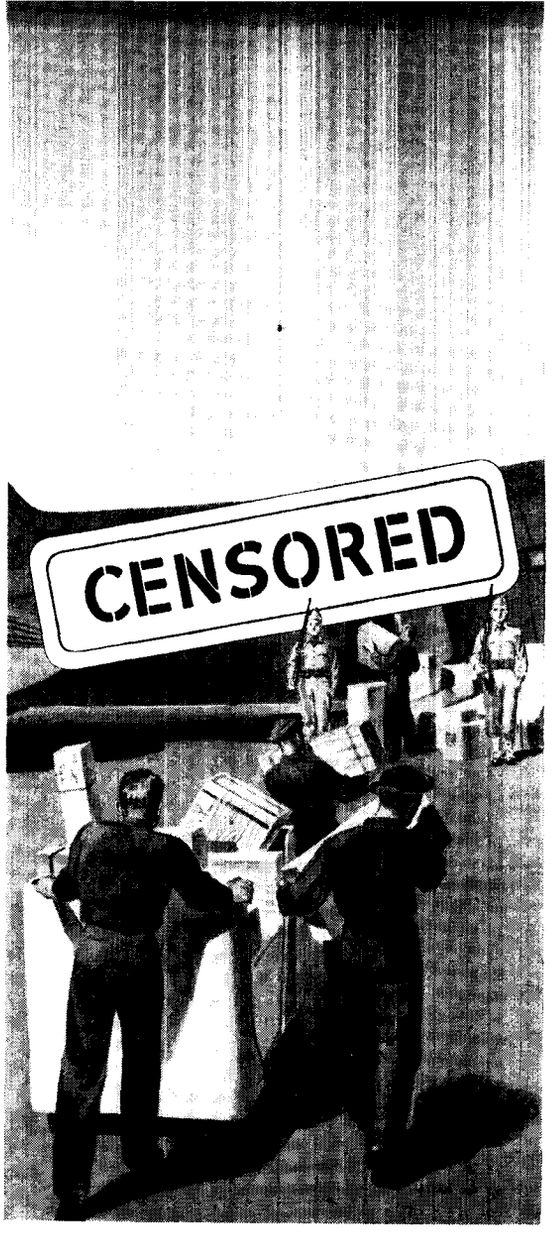

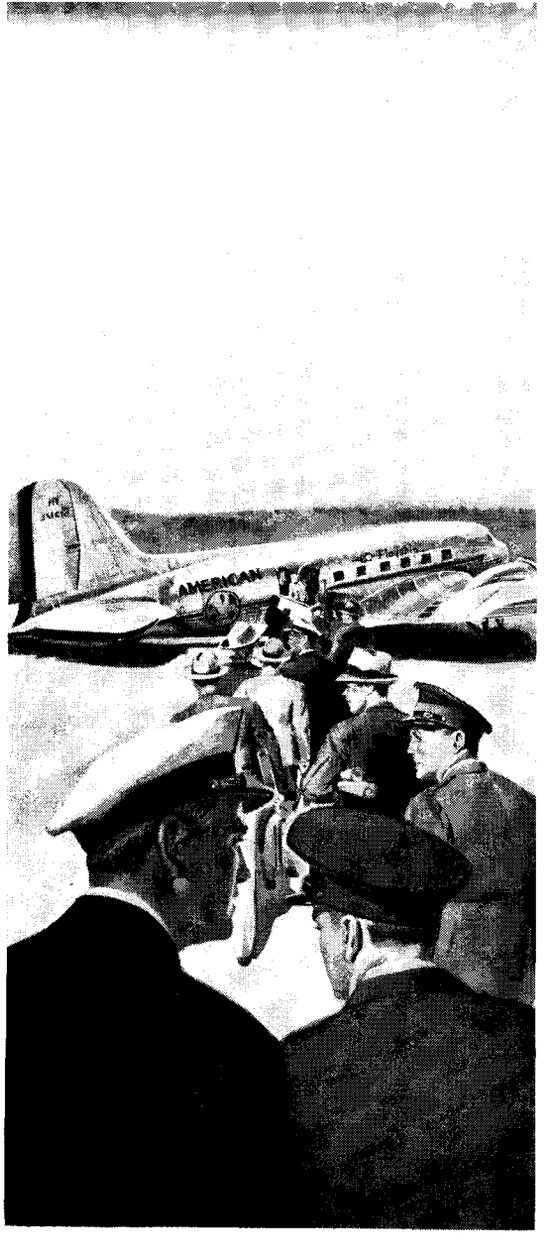

1 **2** **3**

We Can Tell You About Part 3

★ American Airlines is energetically engaged in "war work" that can be classified into three main parts. To tell you about parts *one* and *two* would reveal military information. But the part wherein *you* can participate we can tell you about. The *third* part of American's war activity is a vital necessity, because there is no substitute for air transportation in our war effort. We all know the pressing need to save travel *time* over the three million square miles of our nation. Therefore we have been Army directed to operate a safe and necessary air transportation system for the benefit of the war program first and for the people of America. Persons on war missions whose travel is most essential are entitled to priority. We shall continue to serve everybody to the best of our ability and bespeak your cooperation, which includes asking you to make your reservations *as far ahead* as possible. We wish to thank those of our passengers who have exchanged seats with priority passengers, and accepted a different flight. That *is* patriotic. Anything that American and our passengers can do to keep the priority system working effectively is to our own and our country's ultimate good. American Airlines directly connects Canada, United States and Mexico . . . a highway between neighbors and allies of great military importance and a link in the solidarity of the hemisphere.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

YOU hear it said that this is a "people's war," and so it is. Then you read a speech of Winston Churchill's before the House of Commons, and he calls Malta "as bright a diamond as shines in the King's crown," and you wonder whether it is a people's war or just another war. We're very fond of Mr. Churchill, and of England, and are working hard to make his and our side prevail, and for that very reason we wish he would not flash these old imperial jewels. Malta is just a lot of guys. If it seems to shine, jewel fashion, that is because the inhabitants have not yet been taken and are still hanging on for England and for themselves. After all, none of us is wise enough to know what the lineup will be when the shooting dies down; we don't know which jewels will be in which crowns. What we do know is that the path of empire is not the way of tomorrow, and that the inhabitants of the world's islands—big ones and little ones alike—will have to stand together equally, not as jewels in each other's crowns but as friends in each other's need. On the whole, we are convinced that England and ourselves want and cherish the same things, and that our alliance is true and natural and good. The English courts of law, the free English press, are evidence enough that our standards and ideals coincide, so we feel no hesitancy in ribbing Mr. Churchill about those crown jewels and are confident that we will not be misunderstood. For honor's sake, we've got to keep in mind what the war is about.

TO the good things war brings, now can be added the ban on ladies' peep-toe shoes in England. Eventually this country will be compelled to follow, we have no doubt. The protruding U.S. female toe probably did as much as any other thing to wear down the recessive U.S. male spirit in the awful antebellum years. How the toe ever managed to break out into the open that way, where it could grovel in the dirt, is hard for a man to understand. As for its allure, it is in a class with the slip which shows below a dress, the strap which shows within a neckline, the stocking seam which has slipped off centre. The only males who don't seem to mind peep-toe shoes on women are dogs —we have occasionally observed them

sniffing around the toe, in a studious sort of way.

AFTER the all-clear signal had put an end to the city's first bona-fide night alert, we made a note to write something congratulatory about air-raid wardens, but we have finally decided that this would be out of place. Actually, it is unnecessary to congratulate a warden, ever. Just as a secret agent knows that his work must be shrouded in anonymity, so has a warden come to know that his must be shrouded in silliness. What we admire most in wardens is their proceeding with their indispensable work even though they are made to appear ridiculous on several major counts: they are laden with equipment which is bound to be either superfluous or inadequate, depending on whether or not the city is bombed; they have to tumble out of bed in the dead of night in response to obviously fabricated alarums; and, except for what they derive from the grudging support of the cops, they have no authority to make anybody do anything. The kernel of the situation lies in the fact that one way for a wisey to show he's not afraid of the Luftwaffe is to snoot his warden and refuse to follow orders. Indeed, the term "air raid" has taken on a special meaning that conveys all this. Seeing a warden out fussing around a street light, the

public inquires negligently, "Having an air raid tonight, Jack?" "Air raid," on this tight little isle, means merely a blackout, surprise alert, or some such shenanigan staged by the wardens. As soon as we have an actual aerial invasion in which high explosives are dropped, the public will have to have a name for that, too. We don't see how it can be "air raid."

EAGER to know what the first full-length motion picture ever produced by the United States government would be like, we dropped in to see "The World at War." It struck us as a nice documentary film, much like a half-dozen privately produced ones we had seen recently, with the same shots of German soldiers goose-stepping, Russian women digging tank traps, and American battleships sliding down the ways one after another. This, we realized suddenly in the middle of the picture, was the "propaganda" that the nation had dreaded for so long, an official government movie devoted to foisting an official government attitude on its citizens. The official attitude of the United States government, as far as we could make out, is that the aggressions against China, Ethiopia, Czecho-Slovakia, Spain, Poland, and the rest were evil deeds, while democratic resistance to them is a good deed deserving encouragement—all this expressed in a high-minded fashion, with a modest percentage of orotund platitudes. We concluded that if this is propaganda, propaganda is pretty harmless stuff, consisting of facts everyone has recognized

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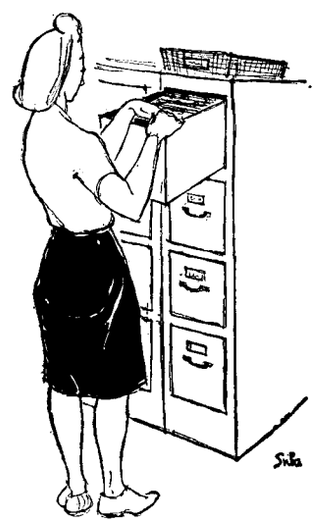
for quite a while, often before the United States government did. Considering that paradox for a while, we finally resolved it into a definition. Propaganda in a democracy, we would say, is the act of telling the citizens in a dignified fashion what many of them have known in a furious and quite undignified fashion for some time, perhaps for as long as ten years. We have stopped worrying.

Continental Films

YOU might be interested, by the way, in how the Nazis, who have their own definition of propaganda, have taken charge of the production and distribution of movies in France since the occupation. A man who can tell you all about that is Alexander Pincus, an American who produced pictures in France for some years before the occupation. Pincus is, as a matter of fact, something of a diehard; he stayed in Paris until several days after December 7, 1941, before coming around to the conclusion that business would probably not return to normal for some time and that he'd better retire. This he did by way of Unoccupied France, encountering in the course of his escape a series of adventures he now describes as "amusing" and being given up for dead by his friends in this country. He tells us that, of the hundred-odd distributing firms that flourished in Paris before the war, only eight remained at the time he left, and that there were even fewer producing companies. Naturally, in order to survive at all, they have to string along with the Nazis' propaganda line and their racial taboos. The remaining independent producers have to contend with what is practically a government monopoly, Continental Films. Continental Films, Mr. Pincus says, though nominally French, is in reality a German governmental project, financed by funds collected to maintain the German Army of Occupation. Since Continental has its pick of all the talent and equipment in France, its productions are fine, if you happen to like German propaganda.

In Paris, five of the largest cinema houses are maintained solely for Germans in uniform, who get in free. In theatres to which the French are admitted, elaborate precautions are taken against the possible display of patriotic feelings. Before the newsreel, this warning is flashed on the screen: "We are now going to show you the progress of the war. No whistling, no applauding, no demonstrations will be tolerated." Just to make sure that this request is obeyed, the lights are kept partly on, and Gestapo guards patrol the aisles, watching to see that nobody nudges anybody else or otherwise displays any partisanship. Feature films are generally Continental productions, or German, with a dubbed-in sound track in French; lately, Continental has done highly biassed biographical films about Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, and Oom Paul Kruger, the nineteenth-century president of the South African Republic. Prewar French films are reissued only if there are no Jews in the cast, and, in Occupied France, no American films are permitted at all.

The day after the Germans entered Paris, Pincus told us, every producer was visited by a representative of Goebbels. In each case, the representative knew the exact stage of production of all films—how many were being shot, how many in the cutting room, how many ready for distribution; also, the Germans had a pretty good notion of the plot, title, authors, actors, technicians, and supervisors of every film. The completed pictures were looked at by censors, and either cut to harmonize with the ideas of the New Order or destroyed. Mr. Pincus had in the works a picture starring Erich von Stroheim and you can imagine how far he got with *that*. One of Pincus's stars, Corinne Luchaire, is now doing a lot of work for Continental. Not only that, but her father, once regarded by Pincus and everybody else in the trade as practically unemployable, is now a sort of official supervisor of all French films; time marches on. In a way, Pincus thinks, it's too bad that the French films are so dull these days, since the French in Occupied France have become constant moviegoers. Probably they figure they might as well be at the movies as anywhere else.



Outrage

ONE young mother we know of has become convinced that education in the doctrines of democracy can be overemphasized. The other evening her small daughter started making a fuss after she had gone to bed, calling her mother in to close the window, get her a drink of water, and perform other small errands. Finally her mother said, "Irene, if you call me once more, I'm going to spank you." "What?" Irene squeaked indignantly. "In this country?"

Paddlers

EVEN those who don't get a chance to read "Exploring the Little Rivers of New Jersey," a book recently published by the Princeton University Press, may be glad to learn that such a work is now on the market and that the background of its authors is unassailable. They are James Cawley and his wife, Margaret, of Summit, a town not located on any of Jersey's little rivers but handy to several. Having grown a bit rusty on the subject treated in their book, we leafed through a copy before we interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Cawley last week. We found it to contain one hundred and forty-six pages, handsomely illustrated with photographs by the authors and divided into seventeen chapters, most of them devoted to individual rivers (the Rancocas, the Millstone, the Maurice, the Raritan, the Ramapo-Pompton, the Paulins Kill, the Toms, and so on), and one of them a supplementary chapter to tie up loose ends, called "Other Interesting Small Streams of the State."

Mr. and Mrs. Cawley are canoeists. They have been married for twenty-two years and have been exploring New Jersey rivers together for the same length of time, frequently with their three daughters. Mr. Cawley, who is fifty now, has been canoeing steadily since boyhood, and when he married he simply put Mrs. Cawley in the bow, so to speak. They both look extremely hale and sturdy enough for many portages to come. While ashore, Mr. Cawley works for the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. Mrs. Cawley was studying to be a piano accompanist when they met, but quit when she took up the paddle. Both recommend their sport heartily for young and old. The Cawleys have a boathouse at home, which they believe to be unusual in that it is a mile

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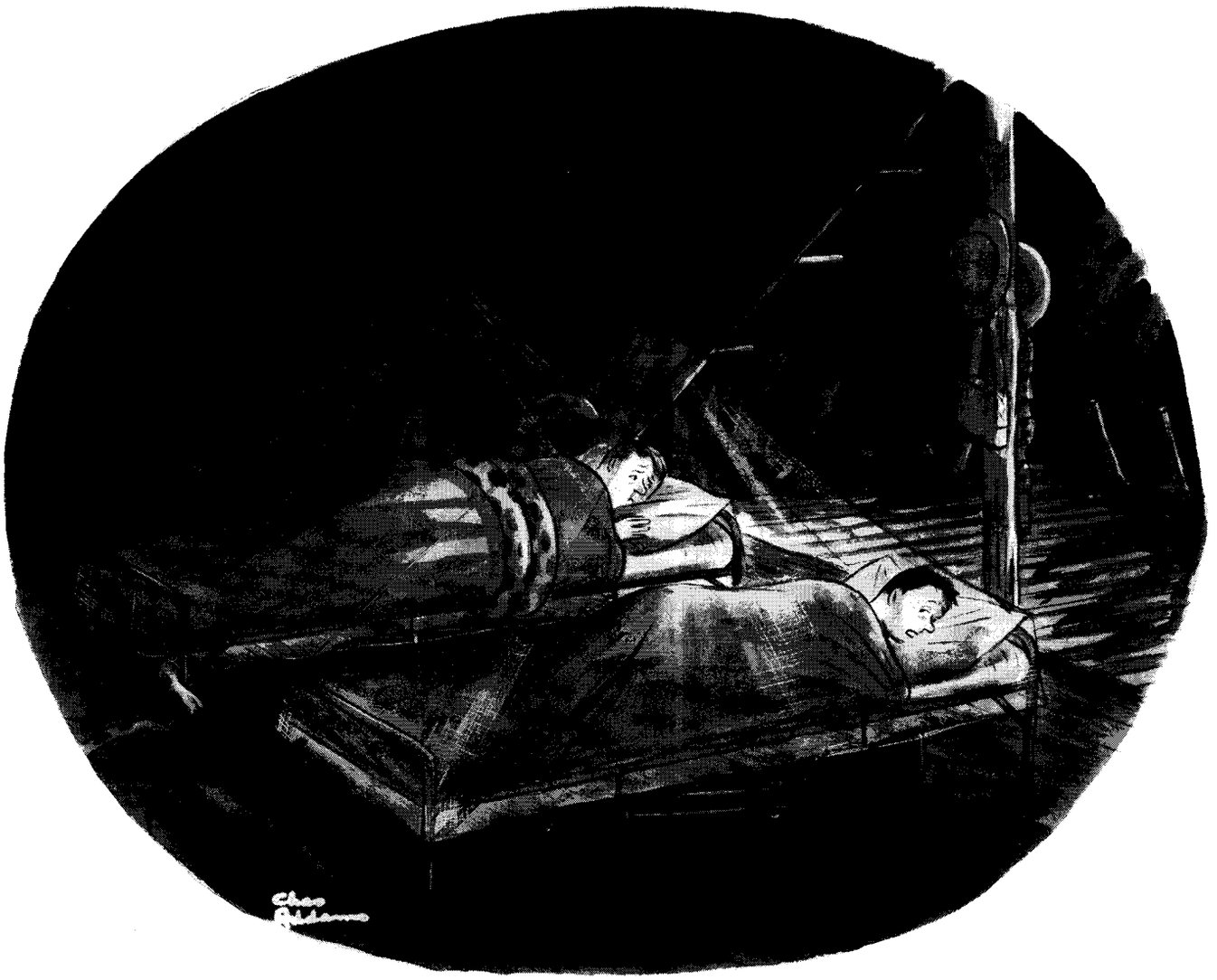

"I wouldn't worry about it, Ed—probably something you ate."

• •

and a half from water. Then they have another not far away at Bound Brook, a town on the old Delaware and Raritan Canal and also on the Raritan River. Here they keep the two canoes they now have in commission. It is in their fifteen-footer, the Wa-Wa II, that they make most of their trips, which are limited in variety these days because they can no longer use their automobile to reach some waters. Their favorite weekend paddle, for which they carry along a tent and camping outfit, takes them twenty-two miles down the canal to Princeton, through Lake Carnegie for three miles, north again twenty-seven miles by the Millstone River, and two and a half miles east by the Raritan, which brings them to within twenty feet of their starting place. This jaunt is one which they consider ideal for anyone who has a couple of days off.

The Cawleys feel that New Jersey rivers, taken all together, have everything. Northern ones, like the Paulins Kill, flow through mountains. Nearer the middle of the state are the Millstone and the Raritan, which are more the pastoral type. To the south are the Basto and the Mullica, which flow through wild, untrammelled swampland. The Millstone is their favorite, being lined with water birches, grassy meadows, and cows, and also numerous places where George Washington slept. What they like about all Jersey rivers is that they twist. "There's a spirit of adventure," Mrs. Cawley said, "when a river has lots of bends. We never know what's going to be around the next one." This observation, of course, doesn't apply to the Millstone, whose entire length the Cawleys have covered about three hundred times.

Service

A NEW naval lieutenant (j.g.), spending a relaxing shore leave in the city, discovered while dressing for dinner in his hotel room that one of the set of detachable buttons was conspicuously missing from his tunic. In obedience to a purely civilian reflex, he rang for a bellboy and put the problem up to him. The lad darted off, and returned a few moments later with a fistful of shiny golden buttons. "Offa the bell captain's jacket," he explained. The new buttons didn't quite match the old, so, rather than take a chance on someone's spotting the difference, our hero discarded all the Navy buttons and replaced them with the entire set of hotel buttons. Nobody noticed anything wrong, not even the hat-checking department of the Stork Club, which by now is fairly expert in such matters.

Body Armor

IF this nation's military leaders are open to advice from the Metropolitan's Curator of Arms and Armor, they will forthwith take steps to provide their men with brigandines. Brigandines, we might explain, are jackets made of small metal scales riveted together. During

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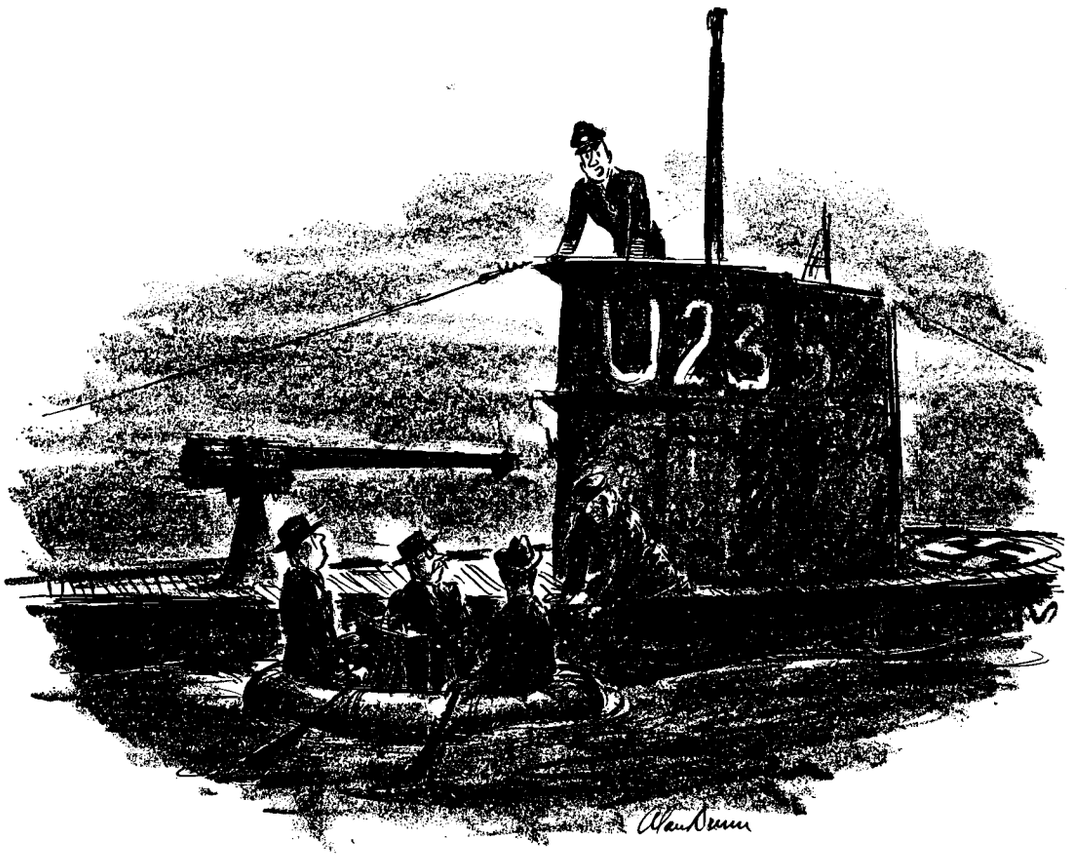

"I'm sure you won't have any trouble, Herr Müller. If you just remember to change to the cross-town trolley at Myrtle Avenue, you can't miss the Navy Yard."

• •

the Middle Ages, they gave the same degree of protection to the torso that the contemporary tin hat does to the head and neck. The Arms-and-Armor man, Mr. Stephen V. Grancsay, makes out quite a case for body armor in modern warfare. If helmets are a good idea, he says, why aren't brigandines? During the last war, Mr. Grancsay's predecessor as Curator of Arms and Armor, Dr. Bashford Dean, had a commission in the Ordnance Department and designed, too late for use, a prototype of the bucket helmet now being worn by our infantry. It was one of a number of experimental patterns which Dr. Dean had ready for trial in the field when the armistice came, Mr. Grancsay told us. The design closely follows a model popular in the sixteenth century, which offers protection to the temples, brow, and neck, as well as the skull. No less an authority than General Pershing said, in 1917, "Efforts should be continued toward the development of a satisfactory form of personal body armor." At present the armed services seem indifferent to armor.

Mr. Grancsay willingly grants that there are certain arguments against armor. Soldiers hate anything that adds to the weight of their equipment, and always have. In the seventeenth century, foot soldiers were paid a bonus of a penny a mile for marching in armor, but even so many apparently preferred to discard their brigandines, taking a chance on getting plugged by a musket ball or being thrown in the brig for abusing government property. In this mechanized age, Mr. Grancsay points out, it should be possible to cart the armor along with the other supplies and hand it out as needed. It's his idea that armor would have been useful, for instance, on the deck of the Lexington, where anti-aircraft crews had to work in exposed positions. He thinks, also, that Singapore and Corregidor might have held out longer if armor had been issued. "Armor does something to a man's psychology," he says. "It all comes back to whether armor is made available at the psychological moment." He has little patience with the argument that armor is hot and uncomfortable to wear. "So are gas masks," he says.

Medieval brigandines weighed about twenty-five pounds, but Mr. Grancsay thinks that today ones of equal strength, which would be capable of stopping bullets and shrapnel, would weigh only twenty pounds. They could be turned out on an assembly line as easily as tin hats are. The argument for a second front is also an argument for body armor, he holds; nobody would need much persuasion to wear armor while making a landing under fire. He told us that armor for civilian defense is now in prospect. A firm he knows of is experimenting with plastic armor plate. The idea is to have a large canvas jacket with many pockets, like a shooting jacket. By slipping sections of plastic into the pockets, one would create a nice little brigandine, suitable for A.R.P. work. We shall see.

Qualifications

GETTING wind (as almost anybody is likely to these days) of a new government project which seemed to offer an outlet for his special talents, an earnest fellow we know hurried down to Washington, located the right bureau, and gained an interview with a solemn, birdlike man who put his finger tips together, pursed his lips, and waited. Our friend eagerly began to recite his past history, his professional achievements, and his hopes for a useful career in government work. The more enthusiastic he became, the more sombre the other man seemed to get. Finally the latter shook his head gently and brought the interview to a definite and unmistakable close. "I'm sorry," he said, "but you won't do. What we have in mind is two phlegmatic gentlemen."

Flamencos in Queens

A VIOLENT intermixture and interreaction of racial cultures has been taking place this summer in Queens, where Carmen Amaya, the gypsy flamenco dancer from Spain, and her entire family and suite of retainers have taken a prim little house in a prim little neighborhood called Rego Park. Since the Amaya ménage is numerically almost as strong as one of the Army's triangular divisions, and since, like all the gypsies around Granada, they used to live in a cave until Carmen's stompings put them in el chips, we thought the situation warranted some first-hand investigation. Accordingly, we turned the

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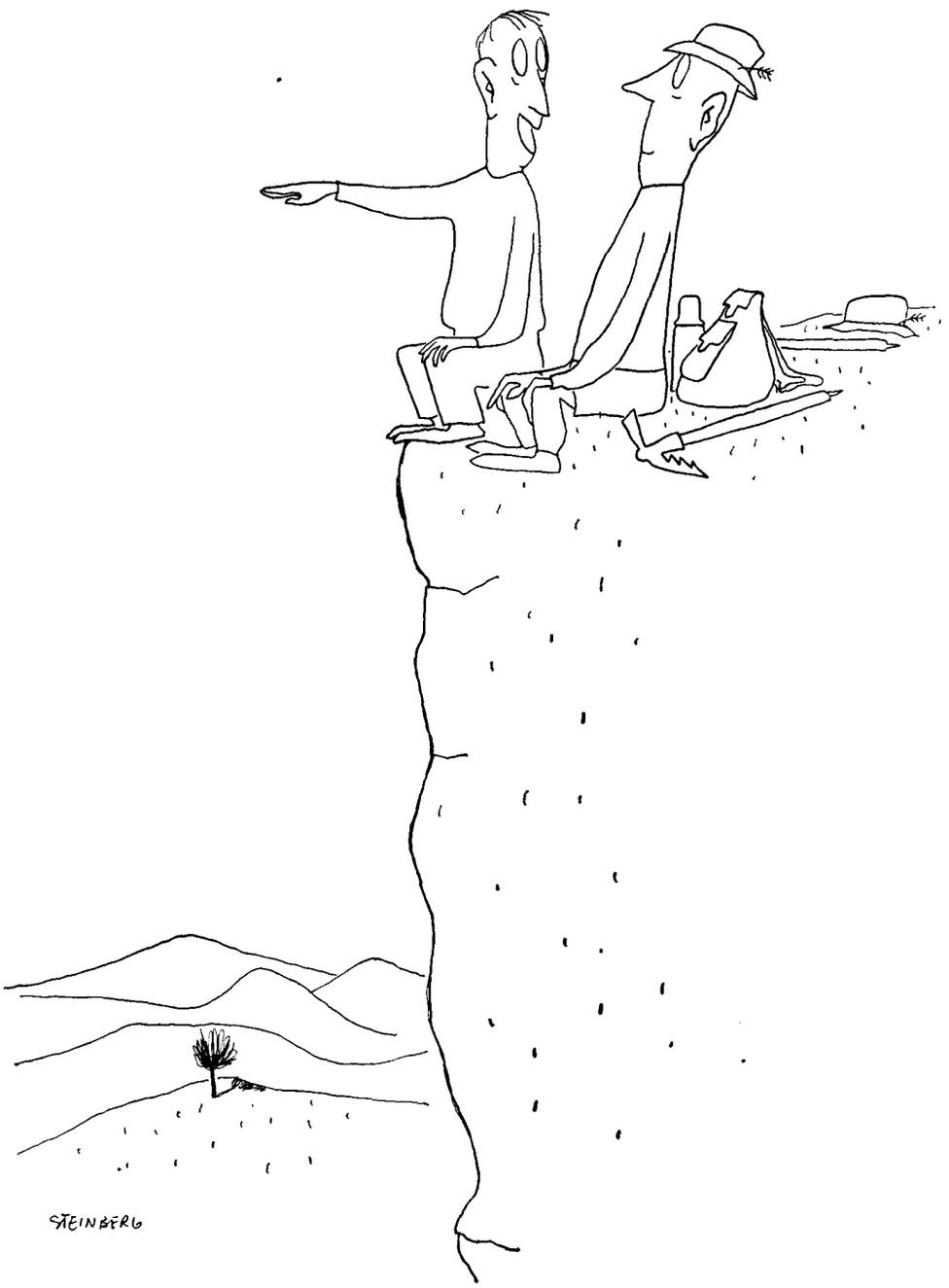
assignment over to our Mr. Hemingway—fellow called George Jean Hemingway, no relation to what's-his-name. After a pleasant visit, Hemingway returned with a complete census of the household, probably the first time anybody had succeeded in taking one. The titular heads are José and Micaela Amaya, Carmen's parents, who are, respectively, forty-three and forty-one years old. Then there are the three older girls, Carmen, Antonia, and Leonor; Paco, the oldest son; two more kids of school age, Antonio and María; Paco's wife, Chata; Paco's and Chata's kids, Juan and Diego; Paco Ramirez, the chauffeur; Domingo Blanco, the secretary; two guitarists, named Sabicas and Diego Castellón; and Alberto de Lima, the master of ceremonies. The total is sixteen. They fill both parts of a two-family house and rehearsals are held in the garage.

When Hemingway called on the Amayas he was immediately taken down to the basement, which is provided with one of those basement bars. He made a fleeting note that the furnace room was filled with dancing costumes on racks (two hundred of them, Carmen told him later) and empty bottles (nobody told him how many). Some of the Amayas tended bar, one went upstairs and turned on a phonograph, feeding guitar music into the bar by way of a loudspeaker, and in no time at all a party was in progress. De Lima, who speaks the most fluent English of the group, explained that the family was laying off between the closing of the Ed Wynn revue and the opening of the fall concert season, and that they liked to fill their leisure time by having parties. There had been parties for the birthdays and wedding anniversaries of all the Amayas in Queens, and for cousins still in Spain. If any of the children lost a tooth, there were parties for that. At all the parties, de Lima said, everybody sang and danced a lot and everybody drank. It all struck Hemingway as an obscenity of a fine life.

Before the party had progressed very far, Paco came in, accompanied by a husky non-Spanish male in shirtsleeves. "This is Mr. Walter," he said. "This is wonderful neighbor." Mr. Walter turned out to be Mr. Walter Singerman, a businessman who lives just across the street from the Amayas' house. One of the girls set a cup of black coffee and a liqueur before him, and Singerman dipped in like a born Castilian. He remarked to Hemingway that until quite recently he had been among the Amayas' worst enemies, because their parties were so late and so loud. However, the Amayas had yielded amiably to his remonstrances, and the bond of friendship was sealed when Singerman showed them how to raise tomatoes in their back yard; their gratitude, naturally, took the form of giving a party for Singerman and his wife. Since that time, he said, he had formed the habit of dropping in now and then for coffee and a liqueur, and had even picked up a few words of Spanish. "Mrs. Singerman and I did not expect to meet people like the Amayas in Queens," added Mr. Singerman, "but they're getting acclimated and becoming more and more like us every day." At this, Carmen sprang up and performed one of her fiercest gypsy dances, remarking afterward, with Latin logic, that she might feel sorry for anybody who complained about the noise but that this didn't mean she didn't like them. All the Amayas laughed like anything, and Singerman laughed, too. Hemingway says that if anybody's getting acclimated it's Singerman.

Variant

A WAITER in a midtown restaurant, after serving his customers smoothly the other evening, brought them their coffee, filled their water glasses, and then said apologetically "I wonder if I could collect the checks now, please. I'm going into the Army."



"You'd hardly know my Tommy. He's about that tall now."

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"No, dear, put Mamma on! Daddy hasn't time to talk to your doll baby now."

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GEORGETOWN NIGHTS

AFTER a real whirlwind courtship the youngest May girl, Lisa, the little dark one with a turnup nose, was married to Lieutenant (j.g.) Carson Riggs, U.S.N.R., of Brandenburg, North Carolina. It was a quiet, wartime wedding in the Mays' house in New Hampshire, just before the end of the Lieutenant's training period up North. Three days later he reported for duty at the Navy Building in Washington.

"It'll be exciting to live in the South," Lisa said on the train. They were holding hands under the *Herald Tribune*.

"Lord," he said, "don't get the idea Washington's the South."

"Well, it's South for me," she said.

They lived in a hotel room for a month while they were trying to find an apartment or a small house. Lisa looked while Carson was at work, and they looked together afternoons when he was on night watches. He kept very strange hours. He was on shifts of duty: 7 A.M. to 4 P.M. for two days, forty-eight hours off; then 4 P.M. to midnight for two days, twenty-four hours off; then midnight to 7 A.M. for two days, and twenty-four hours off.

They signed a lease on a furnished house in Georgetown. The rent seemed staggering, but the house was irresistible—like a doll house, tiny. They sat on their bags on the curb of the sidewalk, looking at the outside of it, waiting for the agent to arrive with the keys, as he had promised to do at three o'clock. Nobody came.

"Damn that guy," Carson said. "You stay here, darling. Going to go after those keys myself."

She watched him stride off down the tree-lined street in his uniform, admiring him as long as she could see him. Then she stretched out her legs and lit a cigarette and went on blinking at the little white house, imagining the life they would live in it. She saw visions of herself in her striped house coat, entertaining guests for dinner.

A window went up in the house next door—one of the large, beautiful Georgetown houses—and a colored man in a white coat stuck his head out.

"Could I bring you a glass of ice water?" he called down.

She grinned up at him and nodded vigorously.

The man came up the areaway steps, bearing a tray with a glass and a pitcher of ice water. He set it down on one of Carson's bags and filled the glass with water.

"This is marvellous," she said. "Thank you ever so much."

"You looked mighty hot out here," he said. He had a fat, shiny black face. He stood with his fists on his hips, gazing at the row of houses. "You all moving in here today?"

"Yes, if we can ever get the key."

She had a second glass of water and asked the man about where to market, when the garbage was collected, what time the mail came.

They were deep in conversation when a taxi dashed up to the curb and Carson jumped out. "Got the keys!" he cried. "We would have waited till kingdom come for all that guy was doing about it."

Lisa made a sort of introducing gesture with her hand. "He brought me a lovely glass of cold water," she said, beaming at her new friend.

"Hear you all are moving in," the colored man said.

Carson stared at him, a blank, direct stare. "Evenin'," he said.

Lisa saw the man's eyes change. He looked from Carson to Lisa and back at Carson. Then he picked up the tray and went down the areaway steps.

Carson unlocked the small red door and they went into their house. It looked even tinier and more doll-like than when they had decided on it.

Lisa opened a cupboard and peeked in. "What made you so snippy?" she asked over her shoulder. "You hurt his feelings—"

"Lisa, listen."

She turned around. Carson was standing quite still in the middle of their bags. He spoke in a very low voice. "Lisa, you want to be careful. Don't sit like that with your skirt up to your knees in front of a niggra. This isn't New England."

"But *darling!* That man was just as nice as he could be. We made friends. He was explaining to me all about marketing and—"

"You don't understand. I know what I'm talking about. You've got to be careful. You can't go around making friends with strange colored men. If it was even down home, it would be some different. But this is Washington."

"But he was perfectly polite."

"Look, darling. Washington niggras are a bad, dangerous lot. I'm a Southerner. I know. This is something you've got to take my word for."

She stared at him. He gave a little, sharp nod and began to carry the bags upstairs to the tiny bedroom.

THAT night, after Carson had gone on watch, Lisa lay in bed listening to the night noises of Georgetown, the interesting new noises of her new life. Children were playing under the street light down the block for a while. Now and then voices passed under her window, voices arguing in the night. "Know huh name? She come from down de water way and she say . . ." And sometimes Lisa heard a car drive up, stop, brakes go on, door slam, and light voices chattering, white voices in the street for a moment, and then the sound of a house door shutting. But all the time, somewhere very near, a guitar was strumming and deep, soft voices were singing hot blues. The song would break off and then catch up the rhythm again.

She slept, and woke in the early morning when Carson tiptoed in. He kissed her and told her to go back to sleep.

She dozed for another hour, then got up and dressed and went out to buy things for breakfast. On the corner down the street was the grocery. It was kept by an elderly, red-faced Irishman with white hair. She opened a charge account and stayed, making friends with the man, for half an hour. He told her the names of the people in the block; half of the husbands were Navy officers too. The big house belonged to a congressman. Lisa asked the man, Mr. Dougherty, about the music she had heard in the night.

"That'll be the black people. They live in the middle of the block."

"In the *middle?*"

"Sure. Washington's full of alleys. There's a whole raft of 'em in there. There's good black people and bad black people, same as anyone else, but that bunch ain't so good. Drunk half the time."

When Lisa walked home in the fresh morning sunshine young officers were running down the steps of little houses, smartly dressed young women were stepping down the street, colored maids in pink, yellow, blue work dresses were shaking mops out of upper windows or leaning in the service doorways and watching the people go by. The trolleys rumbled past on O Street. Already the block seemed like home.

Carson woke up in the early afternoon. Lisa made herself a sandwich and sat at the table in the pocket dining room

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with him while he drank his coffee. She relayed all the fascinating neighborhood information that Mr. Dougherty had given her—about Lieutenant and Mrs. Olsen in the little pink house, and the two lieutenant commanders, and about the congressman from Michigan next door.

"Michigan, hm? Accounts for that buck not being trained to say 'sir.'"

"Oh, *Carson!* Don't be so unreconstructed."

Carson laughed and leaned over and kissed her.

"The next thing to do is to get a maid, so we can start having people in," she said.

"Mmmh."

"It's supposed to be hard to get anyone. I thought I'd start calling up employment agencies."

"That's not the way to go about it down here," he said. "Look. I'd like to get someone who knows how to act. I won't have one of these fresh wenches. I'd like to get a girl up from the country. She'd get spoiled, but she'd be all right for a while, anyway."

"Could your mother send one up from North Carolina?"

"I don't know why not."

In answer to a joint letter from Carson and Lisa, Mrs. Riggs, Sr., wrote:

As far as I can see, all of black Brandenburg wants to work for you, Snip. The minute I mentioned Washington I had them all down here at the back door, just begging for the job. I'm sending you and Lisa up a girl named Romola. She's young but she's been nicely trained—she worked for your Cousin Sue Bethel. Tell Lisa I hope she'll suit.

They found a room at six dollars a week in Georgetown, a few blocks away, and the following week Romola arrived and went to work. Lisa liked her. She was little and shy, and gabbled her words, and threw funny glances out of the corners of her eyes, like a child.

THERE seemed hardly enough for Romola to do all day in the tiny house. Lisa decided to have a real, rousing housecleaning, from top to bottom of the three little stories. Romola scrubbed floors all one morning with a mop and soap and water.

After lunch, Carson, who was on night watches again, left to spend the afternoon buying a Navy overcoat. Lisa viewed the clean floors and decided that they should be waxed.

"Do you know how to wax floors, Romola?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Have you ever done it?"

"No, Ma'am!"

Lisa grinned at the little black girl. "I don't think you ought to do it anyway," she said. "It's man's work."

"Yes, Ma'am!"

But where, Lisa wondered, did you find a man to do waxing? It couldn't be anything very difficult. You put the wax on and then you rubbed it.

Lisa stood in the doorway of the little house while Romola scrubbed down the front steps in the cool afternoon sunshine. A colored man sauntered by. On impulse, Lisa called to him. "Do you know anybody who could wax my floors?" She gave him a confidential, making-friends smile.

The man stopped short and looked at her. "I'll wax them for you," he said.

"Uh . . . How much would you charge?"

"How many rooms you got?"

"I'll show you."

Once he was inside her house, Lisa was not sure whether she had done the right thing. She didn't really like the man. He had a square, impassive face and his eyes, half shut, had queer, yellow whites. But she didn't see how she could get rid of him now. What excuse could she possibly give? And she felt a wave of stubbornness. Why not have the man wax her floors, in the broad daylight? All this suspicion of people because they were black was ridiculous. What she would do was simply find out who the man was and whether he had worked around here for other people.

He said his name was Rudy and that he had worked for people up and down the block. He lived "right back there." He waved his hand toward the back of the block.

After going all over the house, he said he would wax the floors for five dollars. It seemed a lot of money to Lisa. But maybe it was worth it. How much did people pay to have their floors waxed, anyway?

"You can be going over the

"Hold it, Lucy! Here I am."

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dining-room floor with a cloth," Lisa said. "I'll go out and buy the wax. Do you know where I could rent a waxing machine?"

"Man down the street in the paint shop's got one."

"All right. I'll get it." She tried smiling at him again. But he only looked back at her with his yellow eyes.

Lisa went upstairs to put on a hat.

He certainly wasn't what Carson or his mother would approve of, Lisa thought. But she didn't want to be like Carson or his mother when it came to prejudice. He didn't say "Ma'am." But why should he? He was a workman. He was as good as anybody. Why should he grovel and genuflect? Saying "Ma'am" was only a matter of training; it didn't mean anything. She thought of the farmers back at home in New Hampshire and their way of speaking that was almost rudeness and yet meant nothing but independence. You liked them for it.

She stuck her hat on the back of her head and went to the top of the stairs. Romola stood three steps down, wriggling around and working her face oddly.

"You goin' out, Ma'am?"

"Yes, why?" Lisa glanced down at herself. It occurred to her that perhaps her slip showed and Romola was too shy to tell her so. "Do I look funny?"

"No, Ma'am! Ain't that." Romola kept squirming and writhing about.

"What's the matter?" Suddenly Lisa knew it had something to do with the man. "Come up here, Romola." She backed into the bedroom and shut the door after the maid.

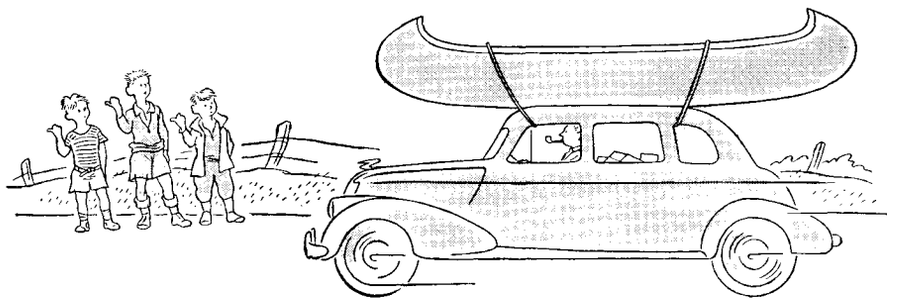
Romola began to snuffle and give strange little animal whining noises. "I cain't stay in the house with that man if you go out, Ma'am. He don't speak right to me. I'm escared."

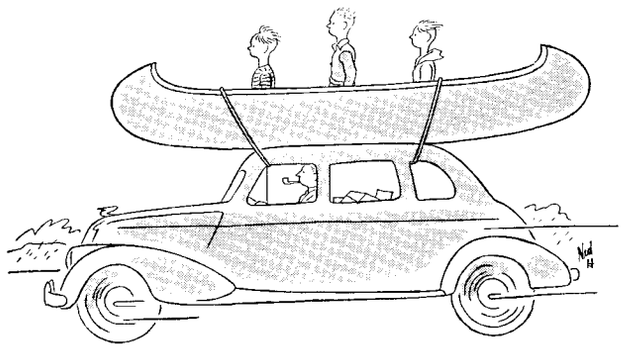
"What did he do?"

"He kep' takin' holt of my arm. Kep' reachin' out. I told him take his hands off me. He ask me why I was so ornery. I'm escared. I cain't stay alone with that man."

Lisa pinched the top of her purse tightly, trying to think quick. "Romola, you go out and down the street to Mr. Dougherty's. Ask him to come right up here with you for a minute. Hurry." Romola ran downstairs and Lisa heard the front door shut. She closed her bedroom door and leaned against the wall, with her heart beating in great, strangling thumps. She was more frightened than she had ever been in her life.

It seemed a long time before she heard the front door open and Mr. Dougherty's voice. She called to him and he came part way up the stairs.





"I've got a colored man working for me downstairs," she whispered. "He's been acting fresh to my maid. I want you to be here while I fire him."

"Sure," Mr. Dougherty said.

"He's been here half an hour. How much do you think I'd better pay him?"

"Fifty cents? A dollar?"

They went down two flights of stairs to the dining room. The man was on his knees, rubbing the corners of the floor.

"Rudy," Lisa said. Her heart was still pounding. "I've decided that I want the floors shellacked before I have them waxed."

"You're wasting time waxing them if you going to shellac them," the man said. He looked up at her from under his lids.

"I know. I've changed my mind. Thank you for your trouble. Here's something for the time you've spent." She took a fifty-cent piece out of the purse that she still grasped.

The man stood up and held out his hand. He took the coin, looked at it, and then spun it in the air and caught it. Then he went up the stairs and they heard the front door close.

Romola went out to the kitchen.

"That'll be one of them blacks from the alley," Mr. Dougherty said. "They're a bad bunch. Likely he was drunk. Insulted your maid, did he?"

"It's all right now," Lisa said. "Thank you ever so much. I don't know what I would have done without you."

"Any time," Mr. Dougherty said.

After he had gone, after Lisa had talked to Romola and found her perfectly happy again, she went upstairs and sat down on the sofa in the living room. Her hands were shaking as she lit a cigarette. I've got to keep this perfectly clear, she thought. I mustn't get it mixed up.

CARSON got home soon after five. "Are you absolutely crazy," he said when she told him, "hiring a man off the street like that?"

"I must have been," Lisa said.

"I hope you see now that you mustn't have a thing to do with these niggras in Washington. Leave them strictly alone. Good God!"

"I feel terribly about Romola. I hope she knows how apologetic I feel."

"She can take care of herself. It's you I'm worrying about."

"But Carson." This was the thing she must keep straight. She must make it clear to him, and to herself. "He was all right to *me*. It was her he was fresh to."

"Baby, you don't get the idea at all. These people are bad. Vicious. I don't like it a bit, leaving you in the house alone at night."

"But I'm sure I'm perfectly safe," she said, leaning forward anxiously. "I'm sure they'd never bother a white person. It would be too dangerous for them. It's Romola. She's new here, and young and everything. She was so scared. She's who I'm worried about."

"Listen," he said. "Even a Northern girl must read the newspapers. Don't you know that half the rape cases begin like this afternoon?"

THE Olsens came to dinner that night. They sat playing bridge until it was time for Carson to go on

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"I just got damn well fed up with being formal all the time."

watch. The Olsens went, and Lisa stood in the doorway watching Carson walk away under the street light. She shut the door on the night.

She pushed the switch to turn out the outside light, but somehow she turned out the lamp inside instead. For a moment she was in darkness.

A spasm of such panic seized her that she had to fumble for a full minute before she had the living-room light on again. She switched off the outdoor light.

Very slowly, she walked through the house, seeing that the catches on the windows were fastened, talking inside her mind to herself. Don't be a hysterical fool. She locked the garden door and shook the handle to make sure it was tight. You've never been like this before. You're an unreasonable, panicky woman. Stop it. She went back to the front door and unlocked it in order to lock it again.

When she got into bed and turned out the light, the darkness seemed to settle down over her. She lay stiff; every nerve in her was listening. What am I listening for? she thought. The little house was suddenly full of noises she had never heard before.

She heard the music in the middle of the block, the low thrumming of the guitar, and the soft, deep voices. Black faces, somewhere in the dark, yellow eyes, alien voices singing.

And voices passed under the window. "I tol her, you quit you sassin or I'll fix you. I fixed her good." The thick, fat voices laughed outside, going up the street in the darkness.

Somewhere a child screamed suddenly and screamed and screamed. What was being done to it? "No!" the child shrieked, somewhere. "No! . . . No! . . ."

A man could be coming, step by step, up the stairs in the dark. In a moment he could reach the bedroom door. What would she do? Switch on the light? Scream? Pretend to be asleep?

They always killed the women afterward. They were afraid to leave them alive.

A man could be fumbling now at one of the windows. Had she locked them all? She went through the rooms, in her mind, touching each catch. Had she locked them all?

The night outside the window seemed very big and soft and black and full of unknown things. The guitar-playing and the singing stopped suddenly. Where had they gone? Lisa lay rigid and listened. After a long time the guitar began again, and the voices. Were there fewer voices?

The hours crept on and nobody passed in the street at all.

Was that a footstep, softly, on the stair?

With the first light of dawn outside, she went to sleep and dreamed feverish, hurried dreams, full of mouthing faces.

Carson came in soon after seven. He kissed her when she spoke, and fell into his bed and to sleep. Now she could sleep, really. She woke again in two hours.

While she ate her breakfast, feeling exhausted, the fears of the night did not seem foolish, as the night fears of childhood had seemed the next morning. She smoked a cigarette with her coffee, trying to enjoy it. But all her pleasure, in the little house and in the fine morning, was spoiled and gone.

She took a bath and dressed and went out to do the marketing. The sunshine in the street looked tired and artificial. In the areaway of the next house the fat black butler stood with an apron tied around his waist, leaning on the iron railing. "How're you?" he called. "Got a fine day today."

She turned her head and looked at his big, shiny black face. What she saw was a face out of nightmares. As in nightmares the man's face had changed. It was a different face. It looked at her with yellow eyes.

The hole in his words where "Ma'am" should have been gaped at her, hideous and significant.

She stiffened her face into a blank, direct stare. "Morning," she said.

—NANCY HALE

Fred Loomis of R.D. 2, Johnson City, spent the weekend in Rochester where he raised his nephew Leon Hawkes.—*Johnson City (N.Y.) Journal.*

Quick work, Fred.

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THE IMPROBABLE EMPIRE

SHRINES

ON a cold morning in February, 1940, when I was sitting at the window of the more or less furnished house that the Imperial Tohoku University had provided for me, I saw the small figure of Hikaru, my most proficient English-speaking student, enter the gate with a camera under his arm and his trousers fastened above the ankles with bicycle clips. I suspected there was something curious in the air because I was aware first that he had no bicycle, and second that he had never taken a photograph in his life. I went to meet him at the door to circumvent my servant girl, Akeko-san, who had been planted on me by the police and was in the habit of subjecting nearly all visitors to a cursory interrogation before she permitted them to enter. I heard her shuffling behind me as I greeted Hikaru. He entered and bowed slightly to me. Then he addressed Akeko-san in a bad-tempered voice and she retaliated just as bad-temperedly and retired.

"I have come to take you on a visit to the Japanese shrines," Hikaru said. "There are many here. I wish you, please, to take photographs of them for me."

I expressed delight at the idea and asked him to come into the study. As we entered the room, I inquired if he wore the bicycle clips to keep the cold away from his legs.

"No," he said. "I wear them because we shall have some climbing to do. The shrines on the hills are hard to reach. Shall we start now?"

I found it advisable to temporize. "I see you have a map," I said. "I should like you to show me whether we are about to make a long journey or a short one. I suggest that you make an itinerary."

So we sat down on the floor and worked out a series of visits that would entail about ten miles of walking around the environs of Sendai, and take in nine or ten shrines. Hikaru explained to me that since the spiritual geography of Japan is almost equally divided between the Shinto and the Buddhist, about half the shrines were dedicated to Emperor Hirohito and half to Buddha. He also explained that Shinto is the national religion, which I knew, and that it makes the dual proposition that the Japanese nation is divine and that the Emperor is directly descended from a demigod who alighted on Fujiyama. This I did not know. "There is a shrine commemorating this on the summit," he added.

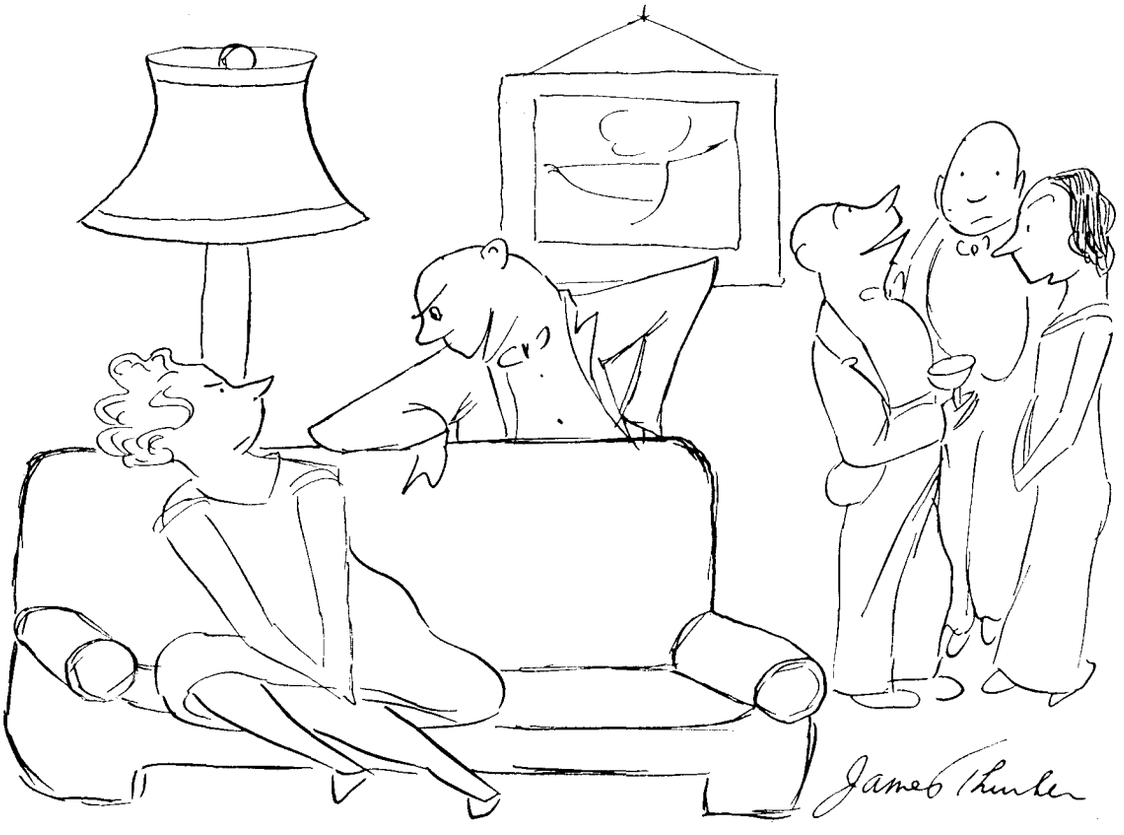
"And do you climb Fuji?" I asked. "Is it a religious pilgrimage?"

He smiled at me and answered, "Almost all Japanese spend almost all time all climbing up Fujiyama." Then he produced a second set of bicycle clips from his pocket and offered them to me. We started off.

BY midday, when we had trudged about three miles through the snow-bogged lanes, Hikaru turned into a little wood. I followed with some hesitation. The snow stood almost knee-deep. He waved the map at me and, gesturing toward the depths of the wood, said, "Shinto shrine." So we plunged in and waded a couple of hundred yards among the bare trees. Then Hikaru, breathing deeply and with an expression of satisfaction on his face, halted and announced, "The Shinto shrine."

I leaned against a tree and looked around me. I observed nothing but the snow-hung trees and several rows of protuberances rising from the ground. I took these for stumps of remarkably regular trees under the snow. "I don't see the shrine, Hikaru," I said. "Where is it?"

Without speaking he went to the nearest protuberance and denuded it of its snow. I watched with the air of expectation that I have when I watch sculptors or road menders. Hikaru uncovered an elaborate stone lantern encrusted with an inscription in gold and ornamented with dragons and birds. "It is a ceremonial lamp," he explained. "There are many here. The lamps honor our forefathers. Look!" He invited me with a gesture to approach, and when I did so I saw that the head of the lantern was half filled with scrolls of paper and tiny mementos of carved wood. "They are the prayers and invocations to the spirits,"



"How's about going somewhere and trying traction splints on each other, Miss Bryson?"

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he said. "Look!" He removed one weathered scroll and unwound it. I asked him what it said. He shook his head and mumbled like a person suddenly confronted with a conundrum. "It is difficult," he confessed after a few moments. "Many characters here I do not know. Japanese language very difficult, even for we Japanese." He replaced the little scroll in the lantern. "It says only a prayer," he said. "Now we shall go to a Buddhist shrine."

The day was intensely cold and my shoes had become sodden, but we went on through the wood until we came to a broad avenue bordered by a tall and dignified perspective of eucalyptus trees. This avenue ascended by an intermittent series of steps to the top of a hill on which I could detect the occasional glitter of gold points and white angles. Halfway up the avenue we came upon a collection of tawdry stalls like those in the vegetable markets of some European cities. Here, however, they were hung with brilliantly colored images cut in paper—fishes that swam in the gusts of wind, horses that fought with each other on lengths of string, and cranes. The crane is, to the Japanese, the most sacred of birds. Hikaru explained that these figures and other more valuable curios lying in glass cases were sold to visiting worshippers to allay evil or invite virtue. As we passed the stalls the various proprietors, who apparently had been sitting on the floor, put their heads above the counters and gazed at us with the incuriosity of cows. They said nothing and they did nothing. I had the sensation that we were the first human beings who had passed that way for months. The paper images were tattered and wind-blown, the stalls appeared to be on their last legs, and the proprietors all looked as miserable as explorers hibernating at the North Pole. I turned to Hikaru and said, "Why are they here? They cannot possibly hope to sell anything to anyone. Surely it's too cold."

"But they live here," Hikaru said. "These are their homes. In the summer many Japanese visit this shrine. It is very popular. Very famous and beautiful. I will show you the roof. It is one of the finest in the whole of Japan." We went on up the hill with the gaze of the vendors at our backs.

I can compare the shrine only to a kind of gilded wooden tiara. The main building with the famous roof cavorted through a series of curves that produced doors and arches and windows all inset with gilt. Where the roof rose in a wave to its gables, two golden dolphins emerged from the spinal beam of wood. At either side of the main door stood a huge asterisk of crossed spears with banners bearing prayers of single words: "Peace," or "Pity," or "Piety." As I remarked to Hikaru something about the shrine being in a state of perpetual movement, a door opened and a figure I took to be a priest stepped out with a broom of sticks in his hand. He began sweeping the snow away from the main door. He had tucked his gown up around his waist and his shaven head glittered in the general dazzle of light that the snow and the midday sunshine and the elevation produced.

Hikaru unslung his camera and put it into my hand. "Let us take photographs," he said. "The monk is good."

When I photographed the scene, the monk stopped his sweeping, looked up, stared prolongedly at us, and then began to shout in a furious voice and brandish his broom. Hikaru shouted back in what I assumed to be an effort to placate. The monk became angrier.

"He says you are a foreigner and please to go away," Hikaru interpreted to me.

"Tell him I once wanted to become a Buddhist," I suggested. "He may let us stay." But the monk approached us with the broom held at a militant angle, and Hikaru, snatching his camera from me, started retreating down the hill. Feeling absurd, I addressed the monk with one of the few Japanese words I knew: "*Konichiwa, konichiwa.*" He disregarded my wishing him a good morning and shook the broom at me. There seemed nothing to do but regret his inhospitality and retire. Disconsolately I followed Hikaru down the hill.

LATER in the afternoon, as we were making our way to the fourth or fifth shrine, Hikaru, after a long silence said, "Yes, Professor Barker, I would say that they are." I looked down at him and asked what he would say who were. "The students," he said. I recalled a conversation we had had some days back about whether the average student at the university was a Christian. I had had previous experience of the long lag that sometimes intervenes between question and answer in Japan. Students sometimes took anywhere from three minutes to three days to reply yes to the question: "Do you attend the Imperial Tohoku University?" I thanked Hikaru for the information and inquired which shrine we were to visit next. He hesitated and said softly to himself, "*Ano-ne, Ano-ne.*" This means, approximately, "One moment, please," and usually precedes a lengthy and thoughtful silence in which an answer is pursued. Hikaru muttered to himself in Japanese for a few minutes and then produced the map from his pocket. He pointed to a symbol that signified the presence of a shrine and said, "A Heavenly Horse."

At this point I told him that we had been followed for the last half an hour by a little man in a blue uniform and white gloves. "And," I added, "we haven't eaten all day and within no time it will be dark."

"It is the policeman," Hikaru said. "Japanese police very active in north of Japan and follow foreigners who go into country. Especially with camera." He smiled the matter away as though being shadowed by the police should mean nothing to me. "There is a military barracks near the shrine to which we go now. Look!"

We looked down the side of the hill and saw, marked out with cart and car tracks, the arc of a new military road. A few small figures moved along it all going in the same direction and I took them to be soldiers returning from a leave of absence in the town. I glanced back down the path. The policeman who had been following us since we left the Buddhist shrine had disappeared. "Let us go, Hikaru-san," I said. "What is this last shrine?"

The last shrine, he told me, was a military shrine. Its deity, still in residence, was an army horse that had taken part in the Russo-Japanese War.

"But are all the horses sacred that

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"Why, I understood the government had made provision for dependents."

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fought in those hostilities?" I asked.

"I do not know," he said, "but this horse is a divine horse because it fought for the Spirit of Japan."

After a quarter of a mile the trail stopped short at a clearing. Here I saw the heavenly horse hanging its head over the rickety corral in which it prolonged an uneventful sacrosanctity between oblations and sleep. It was pathetically old and sagged in the middle like a hammock. Apparently it had just got up from a nap, for its flanks still displayed patches of snow and it shivered violently. The altar of the shrine stood at a corner of the corral. A Japanese flag had been draped from the interior of the roof and hundreds of scraps of colored paper fluttered on strings and sticks as votive offerings. They had the effect of making the altar look like the sentry box of an irrepressibly playful soldier. At the steps knelt a middle-aged Japanese dressed in full-length underwear, with old newspapers tied around his body and a battered derby down over his eyes. He practiced his devotions for some time and then shuffled over to the corral and tendered the horse something from his hand.

"It is sugar," Hikaru murmured.

As we descended from the Shrine of the Sacred Horse we saw again the little figure in the blue uniform and the white gloves picking its way laboriously up the slope of the hill. "The policeman," I whispered to Hikaru.

"*Hai, Hai,*" he answered and, taking his camera from me, slipped it into his pocket. "It is best that he does not see it," he explained. "Japanese police do not like cameras."

The policeman ascended with his gaze averted, swinging his gloved hands in a slightly anthropoid manner. I contemplated with some nervousness the questioning I assumed was to ensue when he came up to us. But, with his gaze still somewhere among the treetops, he approached and, without a sign of recognition or acknowledgment, made his way past us, upward toward the shrine.

"Yes, it is the policeman," Hikaru said. "He is going to pay his respects to the Sacred Horse of Japan. Then he will follow us home."

—George Barker

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RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From the Greater Palm Springs Pictorial*]

Far out in the desert, in the timeless peace of lonely-land, away from the wars, the endless bickerings of mankind, stands one of the sand dunes that inevitably catches the breath of those who have never seen one before. For these creations of nature, caressed by the sun and moon and eternally haunted by capricious winds that first flirt with them, then send them tumbling into ever new shapes, somehow symbolize those who come to the desert for rest and play, but who find true peace of the mind and soul when they first stand upon a sun-ripened knoll to gaze upon a deep mystery of the human checkerboard.

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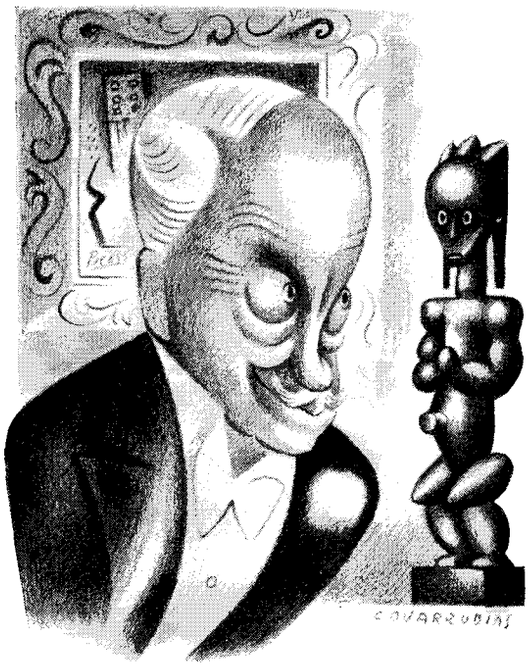
PROFILES

LAST OF THE SPECIES—I



Frank Crowninshield

SIT long enough at the Café de la Paix in Paris, Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, or the Raffles in Singapore, the adage used to run, and you will see everyone in the world go by. America's closest approach to a pre-global-war Shepheard's, Raffles, or Café de la Paix is Frank Crowninshield, a man whose juxtaposition to celebrities over a period of five decades has been extreme. Unlike the Café de la Paix, Crowninshield has not lost his title; the Crowninshield circle has ranged from the late Mrs. William Astor to Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, and it is still agreeably crowded, its polish maintained in part by Crowninshield's undiminishing liveliness as a toastmaster. A partial inventory of the people whom Crowninshield has introduced at banquets includes Charlie Chaplin, Clare Boothe, Kirsten Flagstad, Jackie Coogan, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Walter Damrosch, P. G. Wodehouse, Geraldine Farrar, Grace Moore, Charles Dana Gibson, Otto Kahn, George Bellows, Lanny Ross, Edward Steichen, Gloria Swanson, Ely Culbertson, Gene Tunney, Hugh Walpole, Hendrik van Loon, Efrem Zimbalist, President Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Frost, Heywood Broun, John Sloan, Van Wyck Brooks, Nelson Rockefeller, Irvin S. Cobb, Paul Whiteman, and George Arliss. "Crownie has introduced everyone in this country who has ever been introduced, and in many cases he has introduced them to each other," a friend of his once said.

In addition to performing these duties as a toastmaster, Crowninshield served as the editor of *Vanity Fair* during the twenty-two years of that publication's existence, is today one of the editors of the Condé Nast publications, was one of the seven founders of the Museum of Modern Art, and for over forty years has been a conspicuously diligent diner-out, lecturer, collector of modern French paintings, and composer of forewords to books on art, cooking, bridge, and other subjects. He has survived these activities with an unruffled disposition, which, at the age of seventy, he attributes to the fact that he has never married and neither drinks nor smokes. Crowninshield tossed his last cigar away in 1906, when, as assistant editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, he attended an Atlantic City meeting of the Periodical Publishers' Association of America and found himself in an all-night session of poker with Owen Johnson, Will Irwin, Rupert Hughes, and Charles Hanson Towne in a hotel room unbearably full of smoke. He has smoked neither cigars nor anything else since. When young people come to him, as they frequently do, with their troubles, which may range from professional setbacks to matrimonial difficulties, he is disposed to ascribe these, reprovingly, to the use of tobacco. He began actively to abstain from liquor at the age of ten. He was then living in Boston; his maternal grandmother, an enthusiastic dry, took him to a prohibition rally at which the chief speaker besought those in the audience who would pledge never to take a drink the rest of their lives to stand up. Frank's grandmother arose, and Frank, who had been taught never to remain seated in the presence of a standing lady, got up automatically. His parents later teased him about the incident, and he resolved to fool them. When he was offered his first glass of wine, at eighteen, he turned it down. Although, at banquets and private dinners, he has ostensibly drunk to the health of countless notables, often proposing the toast himself, he has never actually swallowed a drop of alcohol. On such occasions he simply raises the glass to his lips, assumes a genial expression, and sardonically watches his fellow-guests trifle with their health.

Crowninshield's teetotalism has contributed to a certain amount of humbug in some of his published works. "How can one truly appraise the flavour of good food after two cocktails (particularly the cocktails we meet with today)?" he wrote in a foreword to Brillat-Savarin's "The Physiology of Taste" in 1926. "Forty-five minutes for the entire dinner," he said a page or so later. "No port, no cheese." Elsewhere in this introduction he refers feelingly to the coolness of claret, the superiority of Eliza Madeira and Clos Vougeot Burgundy to Scotch whiskey, the pleasures of a bottle of white wine served at a French farmhouse, and the unbeatable quality of French champagnes. Crowninshield urbanely admits to friends that, coming from a man who has never tasted a cocktail, port, claret, Madeira, Burgundy, whiskey, white wine, or champagne, this is fairly imaginative prose. He has never permitted his eccentric drinking habits to hamper him as a host or to reduce the alcoholic content of his public reminiscences. He serves excellent French wines in his home, a penthouse apartment in the East Sixties, and in a recent issue of *Vogue*, to which he regularly contributes articles, he recalled the joys of nineteenth-century bicycle trips around Manhattan and Coney Island in a memoir punctuated with allusions to short stops for beer and longer ones for champagne dinners. "I am something of a fraud," he said to a literal-minded acquaintance who confronted him with this passage. "I really did have a bicycle, though." Occasionally his own words fire him with a zeal for a cause he has at first touted frivolously. Several years ago, at a fashionable benefit concert for the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals held at the home of the late James Speyer, Crowninshield, as a favor to his host, filled in an intermission between two songs by Kirsten Flagstad with a graceful little speech in which, after identifying himself as a cough lozenge to rest Flagstad's voice, he boosted the

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virtues of the Speyer Hospital. Speyer gratefully sent him a costly gold pencil the next day, and Crowninshield developed an affection for cats and the Speyer Hospital which he has never lost. Today, around the house, he is constantly accompanied by two old-fashioned black cats, named Josephine and Alma, after two nieces.

AS a connoisseur of art Crowninshield stands on firmer ground than as an authority on liquor. He has bought paintings unflaggingly all his adult life, devoting his savings to this sort of acquisition rather than to that of stocks, bonds, or guaranteed mortgages. He owns one of the largest collections of Segonzacs in this country, one of the largest collections of Despiau sculptures, the most complete collection of Matisse lithographs and etchings, one of the best private collections of modern French illustrated books (Picasso, Rouault, Derain, Matisse, and so on), a hundred and fifty African masks and sculptures, and hundreds of other items, which, he estimates, add up to an accumulation that would probably fetch between $100,000 and $200,000 at auction. He is continually lending these possessions to museums all over the country for exhibitions, and he occasionally sells an object of beauty from his walls or closets, always at a profit. He was a pioneer collector of Bellows prizefight lithographs and in 1925 got up a Bellows catalogue, complete with several thousand words of appreciation, for a Bellows memorial exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. He is an art expositor rather than a critic, and, by his own confession, he has not been as selective as he might have been in writing scores of encomiums about artists in books, magazines, and art-gallery and museum catalogues. He has explained that his approach to art is purely emotional, that natural enthusiasm sometimes causes him to blow off about third-rate talent, and that he has often written glowing forewords for painters who are old friends, or new friends, but whose work isn't so good. "If it's really awful, I don't," he says.

Crowninshield has been exposed to art ever since he can remember. His father, the late Frederic Crowninshield, was a Boston-born water-colorist, mural painter, and stained-glass designer who had a flair for angels and a small independent income. He lived abroad a great deal. Frank, christened Francis Welsh Crowninshield, was born in Paris in 1872. Eleven of his first eighteen years were spent in Italy, the remainder in New York and Boston. Although, being a bachelor, he has not perpetuated the family name, he possesses an acute consciousness of family, and in the opinion of those who know him well, this has contributed to an old-school dignity

NIGHT WATCH

". . . so then I cut out coffee and went to bed early every night for a week but when I went back the doc said my blood pressure was still a little too high. Meanwhile, I went down to Washington to see this fellow, friend of my wife's uncle, that's pretty high up in G-2, and he said he probably could have done something for me if I hadn't flunked out of college. I had a letter of introduction to a fellow in the Bureau of Economic Warfare, too, but he was out of town, and the hotel finally put me out because my room was reserved for somebody else. Well, to make a long story short, here I am, spotting planes."

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which several decades of catholic sociability have not impaired. Crowninshield is the only man in New York whose social activities have included dancing the cotillion at old Mrs. Astor's, helping found the Stockbridge Golf Club, calling backstage at the Winter Garden to take Gilda Gray out for a midnight snack, and serving as a member—along with Gene Buck, Rube Goldberg, and Billy De Beck, the creator of "Barney Google"—of the executive committee of the Artists And Writers Golf Association, a group of editors, publishers, sportswriters, cartoonists, and commercial artists which goes on periodical golf-and-bridge junkets to White Sulphur Springs, Montauk, or Palm Beach. "Frank is the gentleman of the Artists And Writers," a more modestly connected member of this organization once said. "He helps the Artists And Writers get accepted in Palm Beach and White Sulphur." In the opinion of Clare Boothe, who was on Crowninshield's *Vanity Fair* as managing editor but has since graduated to larger spheres, this is understating the case. "Crownie is the last and probably the greatest of a species, which is rapidly disappearing all over the world, known as the gentleman," she said to a friend last spring, just before she flew to India.

THE family cachet which enables Crowninshield to get his fellow-representatives of the arts civilly received in polite localities was established in this country by Johannes Kaspar Richter von Kronenscheldt, who, after killing a man in a duel, left the University of Leipzig late in the seventeenth century, moved to Boston, Anglicized his name, acquired a large practice as a physician, and married a local girl. In two or three generations his descendants became the leading shipbuilding and merchant family in Salem, and branched out in other fields as well. Benjamin W. Crowninshield, a great-grandfather of Frank's, was Secretary of the Navy under Madison and Monroe; George Crowninshield, a great-great-uncle, commanded a privateer in the War of 1812 and later sailed to Europe in his own boat, Cleopatra's Barge, the first elaborate ocean-going yacht constructed in America; a great-uncle, Francis B. Crowninshield, was the first president of the Somerset Club in Boston. In 1830 the Crowninshields acquired an unimpeachable family skeleton in the person of Richard Crowninshield, who slew a respected Salem octogenarian on the promise of $1,000 from the latter's two nephews. This Crowninshield hanged himself in jail while awaiting trial. Ninety years later, under the title of "The Salem Conspiracy," an account of the murder was written by Edmund Pearson, and Frank Crowninshield published it in *Vanity Fair*, to the distress of several of his relatives. Crowninshield regards the incident as a rather interesting family scandal. "One of my collateral ancestors married his cook," he explains, "a union resulting in Richard, a criminal of a quite colorful order."

By 1861 the Crowninshield *réclame* was enough to give an Adams pause and nearly to jeopardize the Northern cause in the Civil War. In that year, Charles Francis Adams, appointed Minister to England on March 18th, delayed his sailing until May 1st in order to attend, on April 29th, the wedding of his son, John Quincy II, to Fanny Crowninshield, a first cousin of Frank Crowninshield's father. On April 12th, Fort Sumter had been fired on, and on the same day that Adams got to London the Southern commissioners obtained a recognition of belligerency there. The Minister's son and namesake has, in his autobiography, expressed the opinion that his father's delay was both disastrous and inexcusable. "There can, I think, be no question," he wrote, "that my brother John's marriage on the 29th of April, 1861, led to grave international complications. . . . It was much as if a general had permitted some social engagement to keep him away from his headquarters on the eve of a great battle; and, in his absence, the enemy secured possession of some coigne of great vantage." As a New Englander, Crowninshield deplores this occurrence, but its social implications have not escaped him and may in part account for the somewhat rarefied inflection which creeps into his voice as he introduces Gypsy Rose Lee to the members of the Dutch Treat Club, of which he is first vice-president, or as, in private conversation, he touches on the social gropings of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a friend of his for the past fifty years.

Crowninshield has never taken much of an interest in politics but on at least one occasion he has, like his cousin Fanny, figured in an international incident. In the opinion of a small group of rather hasty thinkers, he is the father of the present war with Japan. Crowninshield's plunge into world affairs occurred in August, 1935, when, as editor of *Vanity Fair*, he published, under the heading "Not on Your Tintype—Five Highly Unlikely Historical Situations by One Who Is Sick of the Same Old Headlines," five Gropper caricatures, including one that showed the Emperor of Japan carting the Nobel Peace Prize off on a gun carriage. The

PLEASE PASS THE BISCUIT

I have a little dog,
Her name is Spangle.
And when she eats
I think she'll strangle.

She's darker than Hamlet,
Lighter than Porgy;
Her heart is gold,
Her odor dorgy.

Her claws click-click
Across the floor,
Her nose is always
Against a door.

The squirrel flies
Her pursuing mouth;
Should he fly north,
She pursues him south.

Yet do not mock her
As she hunts;
Remember, she caught
A milkman once.

Like liquid gems,
Her eyes burn clearly;
She's five years old
And house-trained, nearly.

Her shame is deep
When she has erred;
She dreads the blow
Less than the word.

I marvel that such
Small ribs as these
Can cage such vast
Desire to please.

She's as much a part
Of the house as the mortgage;
Spangle, I wish you
A ripe old dortgage.

—OGDEN NASH

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"Harvey, do you <u>really</u> like the Dodgers, or is it just a pose?"

• •

issue was quickly banned in Japan. Ambassador Saito protested to Hull and the episode was widely reported on the first pages of the newspapers. Pressed for a statement by reporters, who found him playing golf at the Lido Country Club, Crowninshield observed, "It is innocent sort of stuff," and pointed out that Hirohito, as a figure of fun, occupied the same page as J. P. Morgan and Admiral Byrd, neither of whom had objected. A day or two later he received a Saito representative named Kuriyama, who advised him that the depicting of the Emperor in a menial task was an affront to the Japanese people. "I have just had an interesting talk with Mr. Kuriyama," Crowninshield subsequently wrote the Japanese Ambassador, and went on to say he regretted that offense had been given by what "we thought of . . . only as a piece of good-natured humor." Crowninshield has since told friends that Mr. Kuriyama, far from seeming personally distressed about the affair, had asked him to write the letter of apology to Saito so that the latter could save his face with the eighty million folk at home, all of them apparently readers of *Vanity Fair*. Crowninshield does not think of himself as the father of the war with Japan, but he is sure that the *Vanity Fair* incident has given him a special insight into the nature of our adversaries in the Far East.

ALTHOUGH Crowninshield has the airs and graces of an American Chesterfield, he has worked for a

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"Friend!"

• •

salary for over fifty years. When he was eighteen and was in New York looking for a job after nearly two years at the University of Rome, he presented a letter from William Dean Howells, a friend of his father's, to Major George Haven Putnam, head of Putnam's publishing house and bookstore. Putnam asked him what he wanted to do, and Frank, whose first funeral had been that of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and in whom the Crowninshield manner was already firmly ingrained, replied that he would like to read manuscripts, meet authors, and mix up in the publication end of things. "Very sorry, but that's what I do myself," said Putnam. A week later Putnam wrote Crowninshield saying that he regretted he couldn't offer him a position as head of the company but that there was an opening for a clerk in the bookstore at eight dollars a week. Crowninshield accepted the offer. After about a year the salary was raised to ten. Crowninshield has preserved his notice of this change of fortune, which reads:

12/31/91

With thanks for the work he has done during the short time he has been with the house, and the interest he has taken in his work, and wishes for a Happy New Year

from G. P. Putnam's Sons

Mr. Crowninshield will receive $10 per week after Feb. 1st.

On the back of this note, in Crowninshield's handwriting, appears one week's financial statement of the writer's pre-raise period:

$2.50 *food*
2.50 artics [*sic*]
1.30 Cavalleria
.40 Bowling
.25 Hair cut
.25 carfares
.10 stamp
.10 shine
.10 papers
.50 Conway's versification
8.00

Crowninshield stayed at Putnam's for four years, the last two or three of them as the Major's factotum. He acquired a great interest in the physical appearance of books, reflected today in his library, a feature of which is its bindings. He has most of his books and art catalogues bound in calf and morocco, often with appropriate little touches. For example, when Edmund Pearson presented him with a volume of his murder stories, including "The Salem Conspiracy," Crowninshield had it done up with several gold-embossed skulls and crossbones on the spine.

Crowninshield left Putnam's to become publisher of the *Bookman* for Dodd, Mead & Co. In this capacity he helped get subscriptions and advertising, supervised the printing, purchase of paper, makeup, and distribution, read proof, and saw to it that bills and salaries were paid. Harry Thurston Peck and Frank Moore Colby, editor and contributing editor of the magazine, encouraged him to contribute satirical pieces on contemporary manners, and these appeared under the nom de plume of Arthur Loring Bruce. Crowninshield wrote under an alias because he regarded the writing of humor as a trifle infra dig. An almost daily caller at the Knickerbocker Club, which he joined in 1898, he felt that this dodge enabled him to face the gaze of his fellow-members without quailing. Peck, whom Crowninshield greatly admired, had an immense knowledge of perfumes, which he imparted to his junior colleague. Ten or fifteen years later, when Crowninshield was art editor of *Century Magazine*, this influence persisted. According to a secretary Crowninshield employed during this period, her employer relied on his sense of smell to sort his personal mail, which consisted largely of square envelopes addressed in feminine handwriting. "This is from a chorus girl," he would sniff, "and this is from a lady," and he would arrange the letters in separate piles before opening them. "He would then open them from either pile at random," the secretary says, "and tell me to enter the invitations in his engagement book as he came to them, never sorting them out to get the best ones first. It was a very cynical performance." Crowninshield denies this; he admits he often smelled his mail but says he handled his acceptances judiciously, endeavoring always to strike a nice balance between society and the arts.

BETWEEN 1900, when Crowninshield left the *Bookman*, and 1910, when he joined *Century*, he was, successively, assistant editor of *Metropolitan Magazine*, assistant editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, and a literary agent. These activities brought him into contact with a number of writers, including O. Henry, whom he recalls, with wonder, as a travelling drunk. "O. Henry was that rare type of drinking man," he says, "who, quite unaware of it himself, boards railway trains, boats, or any other order of excursion." Crowninshield's activities also brought him into

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A new adventure in whiskey enjoyment... now finer, richer, by far, than any Three Feathers ever produced!
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contact with Frank Munsey, for whom he went to London in 1908 to buy magazine stories and romantic serials and to whom he acted as a part-time social mentor. Once, spending a week with Munsey at the Paris Ritz, Crowninshield advised his employer that the Princess R. was entertaining him a little too markedly and told him to be on guard, as she appeared to him to be an adventuress. Munsey confessed that he had just given the lady five thousand dollars to straighten out her account with her brokers. Two nights later, dining with Crowninshield in the Ritz garden, Munsey noted an opulent table for forty on a raised platform; among the guests who, weighted with jewels and decorations, took their places there, his employee pointed out, were King Leopold of the Belgians, Prince George (later King) of Greece, Lord Carisbrooke (a grandson of Queen Victoria), the Duchess of Sutherland, Baron Edouard de Rothschild, the Comtesse de Noailles, the Duchesse de Grammont, and the Comtesse Etienne de Beaumont. Munsey, his eyes popping, asked the headwaiter who was giving the dinner and was told that it was the Princess R. "Nonsense," said Crowninshield to Munsey. "That is *your* dinner, and the smartest one you ever gave."

On the whole, Crowninshield was more successful professionally than socially with Munsey; among the English writers whom he signed up on the latter's behalf were Max Beerbohm, A. Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Stanley J. Weyman. Within a few months of his return from London, two slight books of his were published under the name of Bruce—"Manners for the Metropolis," a collection of epigrammatic social rules ("Always be half an hour late for everything. Nothing is so tedious as waiting"), and "The Bridge Fiend," a fanciful volume about bridge. "Now, thank Heaven, the picture has been changed," he wrote in the latter, after referring waspishly to the formal dinners of the nineties. "Small dinners —eight or ten—a few very good things to eat, turnover collars, liqueurs with the ladies, and bridge and chatter and laughter and comfortable chairs and cigarettes . . ." Crowninshield's championing of bridge in this book, a copy of which he has had bound with a heart, a spade, a diamond, and a club on the spine, did not prevent him, in writing some years later about the contemporary Manhattan dinner-party scene, from observing, "Then the scramble for the theatre or the bridge tables. How, in such a milieu, can we look for a renaissance in art?"

Actually, Crowninshield is an accomplished bridge player, though he has a tendency to bid erratically. He was a founder and has for ten years been the president of the Cavendish Club, a gambling hell in the East Sixties frequented by George Kaufman and Harold Vanderbilt, and has, at a cent a point, won up to three or four thousand dollars in a single year. According to his friends, he displays an astonishing Mr. Hyde personality at the card table; he chews his mustache furiously, always tries to get the bid himself, and admonishes timid female bidders so severely that such bridge intimates as Mrs. Ring Lardner and Mrs. Grantland Rice have been known to burst into tears under the burden of his abuse. "He's the kindest man in the world, ordinarily," a friend once said, "but he's a Hitler at bridge."

Crowninshield rarely passes a day without visiting some club or other. In addition to the Cavendish and the Stockbridge Golf, he has started, or helped start, the Atlantic Beach, West Side Tennis, and Coffee House clubs. On one occasion he was thwarted in an effort to found another type of club. In 1925 he and Condé Nast headed a group formed to create a smart supper club, to be called the Embassy, and calculated, as Crowninshield put it, "to raise the standard of New York night life to that which exists in Paris and London." Nast and Crowninshield were still sorting membership applications when Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, spearhead of a rival outfit, opened a supper club called the Embassy with a roster a trifle less selective than the Nast-Crowninshield lists. Although Crowninshield publicly abandoned his project in a mildly indignant statement to the press, he came to regard the episode as a Pyrrhic victory for Mrs. Wilson, since her hot spot languished into bankruptcy after a couple of years.

Crowninshield's favorite clubmate, until his death in 1938, was his brother Edward, an antique dealer and decorator, with whom he shared an apartment for many years. Edward was a rather sporting bachelor whose health was not of the best and who was known in his immediate circle as a man who always ran a temperature. Frank Crowninshield's solicitude for Edward, though intense, was tempered by a sense of reality. One morning, when the two men were at the Stockbridge Golf Club, Harrie Lindeberg, the architect, found Edward sitting on the porch, his feet on a stool and an ice bag on his head, complaining loudly. Lindeberg stuck a thermometer in Edward's mouth, pulled it out after a minute, and set off in alarm for the locker room, where Frank was dressing. "Edward has a temperature of a hundred and four!" he said. "Oh, it often goes up to a hundred and six," said Crowninshield, pulling on a pair of white, bloomerlike plus fours, which constitute the mainstay of his usual golfing costume.

Crowninshield plays golf, generally on one of the more modish Long Island courses, nearly every seasonable weekend; his game is direct, relentless, and conversational, punctuated by telling coughs and bland, playfully disparaging remarks directed at adversaries about to putt. Also, there is no nonsense about waiting one's turn on strokes. His habit of going right ahead with his game has caused him to be called "the floating hazard" by his co-players, who look upon him as a sort of itinerant bunker for which they must make allowances. Conversationally, Crowninshield is curiously self-sufficient on the golf course. Once, during a match at the Links Club in which Crowninshield beat Fontaine Fox one up, the cartoonist muffed a drive on the seventeenth hole when, at the top of his swing, he was distracted by hearing his opponent say, presumably to some friend, "How are you, Bill?" Fox was about to tee off for the eighteenth hole before it occurred to him that he hadn't seen anyone around to whom Crowninshield might have been talking. "By the way, who was that Bill?" he asked. "No idea what you are talking about," said Crowninshield. On another golfing occasion, Grantland Rice, after a good deal of thoughtful preamble, was about to putt when a ball hit his foot on the green. "It was Crownie trying a practice putt," he says, without rancor.

PRIOR to his *Vanity Fair* engagement, Crowninshield spent an average of four years at a given job, like a moderately successful President. He was four years at Putnam's, a little over four at the *Bookman*, and four at *Munsey's*, and when he was thirty-eight he began a similar term of office at *Century*. As art editor there, he was particularly enthusiastic about the wood engravings of Timothy Cole and the drawings of Oliver Herford. He ran a department in the back of the magazine called "In Lighter Vein," for which he recruited poems, jokes, essays, fiction, and illustrations. With an eye for youthful talent, he followed the undergraduate publications at the Eastern colleges, especially Harvard, where his father had stroked the crew in 1866. At Crowninshield's

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invitation, *Lampoon* editors began to beat a track to his door, among them Frederick Lewis Allen, now editor of *Harpers*. "Ah, Fred, my dear boy, you couldn't write badly if you tried," Crowninshield would say in his gentle, pleading voice, and he would whisk his protégé off to lunch at the Knickerbocker, where he would obtain the promise of an "In Lighter Vein" contribution and the names of other gifted Lampooners. In this way he got hold of Robert Benchley, Gluyas Williams, and others, some of whom later worked for him on *Vanity Fair*. The companionship of the talented young was, as it still is, a tonic to Crowninshield, and he took great pleasure in advising his discoveries on the larger aspects of their careers. "What are you by nature?" he asked Benchley, Harvard '12, shortly before the latter graduated. "If you are a photographer by nature, you should take photographs. If you are in your inner soul a barber, you ought to be cutting hair and not selling automobiles." Benchley nodded and went off to join the advertising department of the Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia.

Crowninshield's first participation in the joys of hiring, firing, and salary-adjusting came while he was at *Century*. One day he decided that his secretary, Miss Margery Wells, should have a raise, and he broached this matter to the company's president, Frank H. Scott. "Mr. Scott, I think Miss Wells should really have a raise," he said. "She is so, so—ah, so cheerful." Miss Wells got the raise, and Crowninshield gradually developed a mastery of labor relations, which reached a climax at *Vanity Fair* several years later, when he determined to dismiss one of the girls in the office.

"You're too good for this place," he told her. "All this clamor. Don't you feel uneasy?" The girl shook her head.

"Don't you feel you're losing a quality you used to have?" asked Crowninshield. "A shy, woodland quality?" The girl shook her head again.

"What are you *really* interested in, child?" asked Crowninshield, who can smile like a tiger.

"Well, I like orchids," the girl began playfully.

"Get me Max Schling," said Crowninshield to his secretary, and picked up the phone. "Max," he said, "I have a girl here who's very anxious to work in a flower shop."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Crowninshield.)

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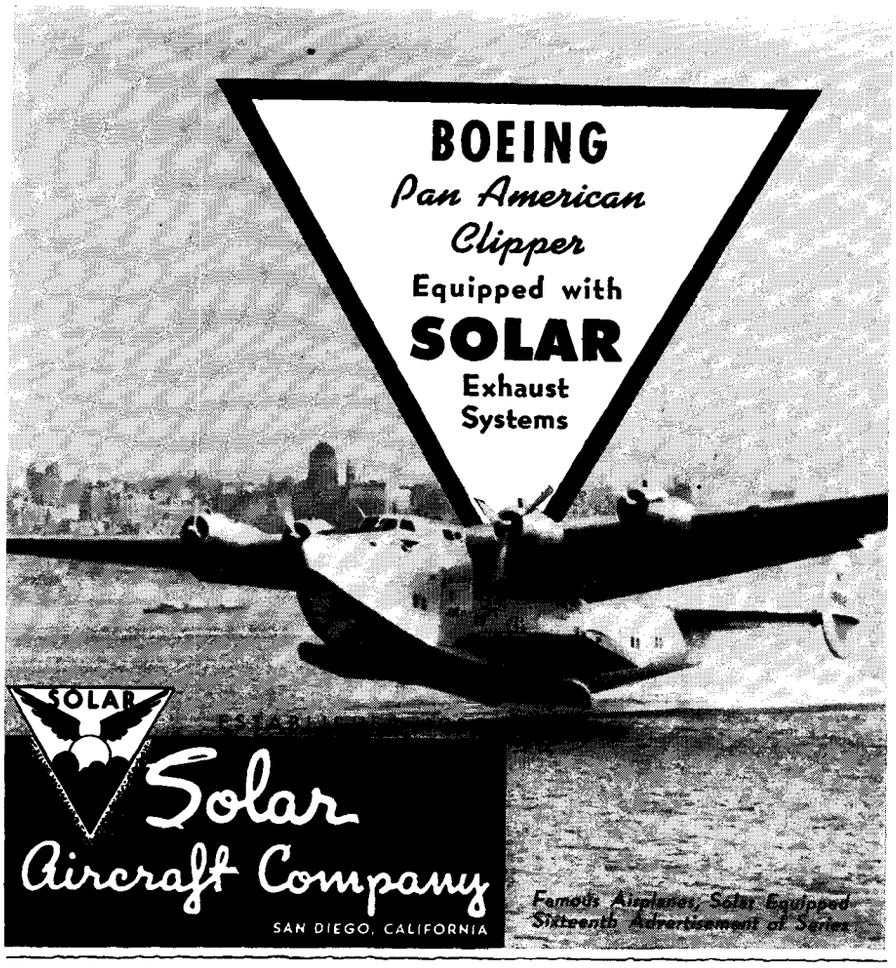

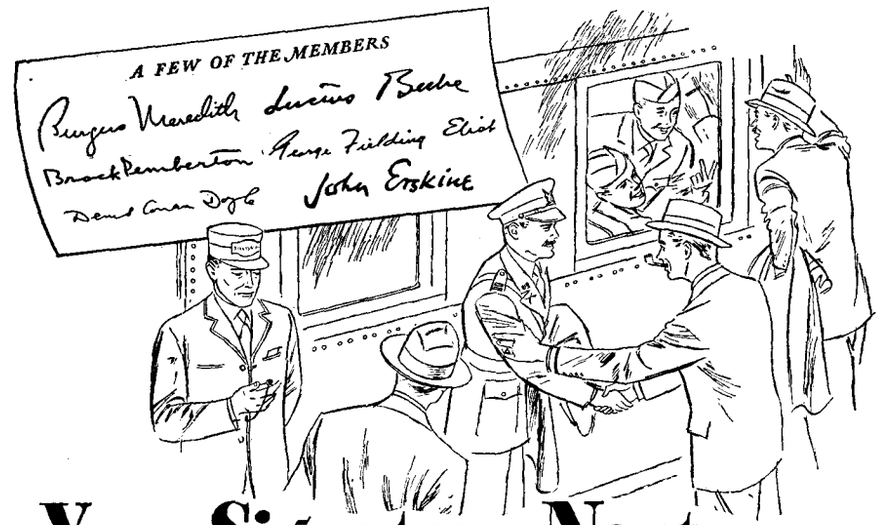

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President's sharp words to Congress seem to be getting results. If our lawmakers won't volunteer in the war against inflation, they'll have to be drafted.

•

The plan to ration gasoline on a country-wide basis as a means of saving rubber should meet with general approval here. It never seemed quite fair to punish people who are easterners through no fault of their own.

•

Nazi propagandists are trying to ease the pain of the heavy casualties in Russia by promises of rich booty next year. They know how Germans love other people's nice things.

•

Rumors persist that Field Marshal Rommel is gravely ill. He is said to be suffering from a serious derangement of his plans.

•

The Spanish foreign minister seems to have been the victim of a double play. Suñer out—Franco to Franco to Franco.

•

The Democrats of Georgia did their country a good turn by pulling the Governor's chair out from under Talmadge. Gene is one of those commodities which might well be frozen for the duration of the twentieth century.

•

Military strategists are beginning to doubt that the Japanese will make that attack upon Russia this year. Even a Siberian Chamber of Commerce would hesitate to recommend that country for winter travel.

•

According to present estimates, the East's supply of fuel oil will be only seventy-five per cent of the normal amount this winter. Still, that ought to be enough to keep the home fires flickering.

•

Everybody realizes the value of relaxation in tense times like these. One hears of Dodger fans who are turning to war news to take the strain off their minds. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE THEATRE

MORE IN SORROW

I'M afraid there isn't much to recommend "Janie," at the Henry Miller, even to the most modest intelligence. It is the kind of play about adolescence that, if it recalls your own lost youth at all, is apt to bring on only a dim embarrassment and perhaps a certain relief that the average man is young just once.

"Anyway, I don't have to go through *that* again," I thought, observing the behavior of the clear-eyed juveniles in "Janie."

The heroine's parents live in a place called Hortonville, where they conduct what is obviously an asylum for character actors. Janie herself is a pretty, virtuous girl, a touch on the dull side, but her associates are as familiar and depressing to me as the Katzenjammer Kids. There are a couple of amusing colored servants, one of whom gets drunk and does a few funny-paper staggers; there is a little girl who has to be bribed to go away when her elders wish to make love; there is a rustic and inarticulate beau, rather like a parody of Willie Baxter in "Seventeen;" there is a plain girl from whom the young men in the cast (about most of whom the less said the better) recoil in comic terror; there is even a frolicsome middle-aged woman on the prowl for a new mate.

Altogether, Josephine Bentham and Herschel Williams, who are credited with having composed the comedy at the Henry Miller, may well have assembled one of the most imposing collections of stencils in the history of the stage. In fairness I have to admit that various people in the lobby were overheard to say that "Janie" filled them with sweet nostalgia and to compare its authors favorably with Booth Tarkington. In answer to that, I can only say that Mr. Tarkington seemed to me to have the basis for a very pretty libel suit.

"Janie" comes to a sort of slow boil when the young woman and her friends give a party for some soldiers from a neighboring encampment. One of the warriors locks himself in the bathroom and goes to sleep, possibly as a form of criticism, but otherwise things are moderately dismal, though clean and high-minded. The plot deals essentially with the heroine's struggle to choose between a handsome private and her high-school sweetheart, neither of whom looked like a sound matrimonial risk to me. The dialogue is, I suppose, characteristic of the speech to be heard almost anywhere in suburban America; the sets perhaps suggest an income rather suspicious in the proprietor of a rural newspaper; the acting ranges from quite good to very bad indeed, a point on which I have no intention of being more specific. Visible in prominent parts are Gwen Anderson, Frank Amy, Linda Watkins, Herbert Evers, and a demon infant called Clare Foley, whom I am prepared to adopt at her earliest convenience. —Wolcott Gibbs

"Is it just my imagination or is he murdering me?"

•

STRAIGHT WORDS TO A CROOKED POET

If to be woozy were to be
Attuned to an eternal purpose, I might see
Some more merit than I do in your verbosity.

But, as it is, I often tend to suspect
That most of the astral hiking of your sect
Is due to the sheer fear of being direct.

Your flair for transcendental double Dutch,
Your "Please Keep Off the Grass" and "Do Not Touch"—
Perhaps they should but they don't move me much.

As for your mystic halo, I am appalled
To think that, when your soul and spirit are overhauled,
It *may* turn out you wore it because you were bald.

—Louis MacNeice

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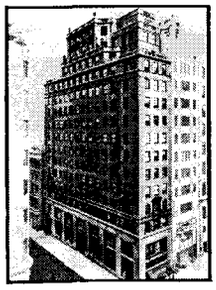

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LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 13 (BY CABLE)

THE struggle for Stalingrad has naturally been uppermost in everyone's thoughts during the past week. Mr. Churchill's cryptic remark in the House on the Russian situation—"This is September eighth"—was taken by the pessimistic to mean that the Russians must rely on bad weather as a substitute for a second front and by the optimistic as a reminder that there was still plenty of time ahead in which to put decisive plans into action. The average Briton, who tries to steer a middle course, can't help feeling that the deadline for effective aid to Russia is drawing dangerously near. The mood of the moment here is naturally one of acute anxiety, though the talk is less noisy than it has been at other perilous points. Maybe people feel as the M.P.s presumably felt after Mr. Churchill's war statement last Tuesday: that there's nothing further to be said and that all that remains is to wait and see what's going to be done. There was astonishment, however, when what was to have been a two-day debate fizzled out in an hour and a half, since the last debate on the war went on for a full two days and ended at three o'clock in the morning of the third, with members still queuing up to speak.

On the whole, it's felt that the Prime Minister's balance sheet of results achieved was an impressive one, though from it Britons doped out for themselves that the Moscow visit probably wasn't quite the roaring success it had earlier been made to seem. What Mr. Churchill had to say about the changes in the Middle East Command didn't clear up the mystification of the uninformed over the retirement of General Auchinleck, but the Prime Minister's reading of the desert sands for the near future confirmed the prevailing cautious feeling that the Egyptian situation was looking a good deal healthier. The British have had so much good news go sour on them overnight, before the ink was even dry on the adjectives, that the tidings of Rommel's recent setback were received with considerable reserve. Though some of the correspondents had been taking the line that his retreat was a British victory, their dispatches were read skeptically by the folks at home, who seemed determined not to be caught again in the act of cheering a premature victory. "The news from Egypt doesn't look so bad today," was the usual way Britons had of saying they hoped it was really looking downright good.

PARLIAMENT may have had no comment to make on the way the war is going, but it was in fine vocal form later in the week when the question of service pay came up for debate. This had already been the subject of a government white paper which attempted to justify existing pay rates and which has been sharply criticized in officers' messes and rankers' canteens alike. On Thursday, when Sir Stafford Cripps had the unenviable job of announcing that the Treasury mountain had labored and brought forth the mouse of an extra sixpence a day for the private soldier, both the Left and Right elements of the House joined in a roar of anger which was taken up by the press next morning. M.P.s in uniform spluttered with renewed fury over the white paper, which was described by one indignant conservative major as "a disgraceful piece of jiggery-pokery," the author of which, another member suggested, should be haled from his bureaucratic fastness and "strung up to the nearest lamppost," while a third asked that the document be sent to America where, he said, it would certainly carry off the 1942 Pulitzer Prize for fiction. Editorial writers found the proposed increases "mean," "niggardly," and "shabby," and what was being said about them in Army messes and in modest homes everywhere no doubt echoed these criticisms in considerably more pithy terms.

The whole question of service pay, now stormily in the limelight, has long and uneasily been in the background, pointed up by the disparity between Army pay and the big money drawn by industrial war workers. The situation is not helped any by the fact that American and Canadian troops in this country get much more than British soldiers, who now find themselves in much the same position that French soldiers resented being in in 1940, when it was the better-paid Tommies who were able to buy up the local *estaminet* and walk off with the girls. This state of affairs naturally makes Anglo-American fraternization difficult, since American soldiers, blowing into town on leave after a few weeks' enforced rustication and bringing a bit of back pay in their

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pockets, set a pace which their British pals couldn't follow even if they rusticated for a couple of years on the Army payroll. It's an angle which German propaganda could, and no doubt will, make fine use of, but it's not the one from which disgruntled British soldiers and civilians view the problem. The sizable resentment which is being aired right now, both in Westminster and in private discussions, is all directed against the government's failure to provide its fighting men with a living wage to die for or with a glimpse of a more secure postwar existence to live for.

ANOTHER white paper which has just come out, but without raising temperatures or voices anywhere, is the long expected report on conditions in the three women's services. The report, drawn up by a committee of five women and three men under the chairmanship of Miss Violet Markham, is at once humane and humorous, and explores the problems faced by women in the services, all the way from possible religious difficulties to the difficulty of accustoming rookies' tender feet to regulation shoes. The document is sensible and forthright in dealing with the charges of immorality which have been brought against service women and which, it points out, were going just as strong in connection with the WAACS in France in 1918. For one dry sentence alone—"it can be said with assurance that no woman runs an extra risk of becoming pregnant by joining a service"—the report should be put into the hands of every worried parent who has previously said no to a darling daughter who wanted to join up.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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PART VI.—BEE FEEDING

In order to determine the number of pounds of sugar to be allowed for any period for feeding bees multiply the number of colonies of bees to be fed during the calendar year by 10 and multiply the product by the quotient obtained after dividing the number of weeks during which the bees are fed within the period for which the application is made by the total number of weeks such bees are fed during the full calendar year and that the bees are fed during 5 weeks of the year, 2 of which are in the period for which the application is made, the provisional allowance will be determined as follows:

$$50 \times 10 \times \tfrac{2}{5} = 200$$

—From an instruction sheet sent to a state rationing administrator by the Office of Price Administration.

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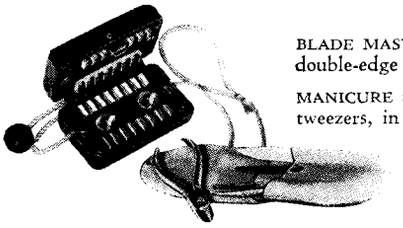

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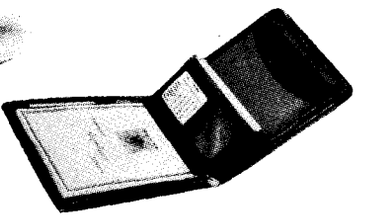
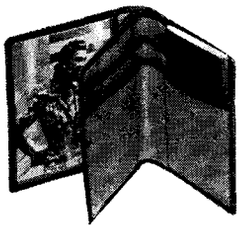


SERVICE WRITING CASE, of solid cowhide, with lock. Has writing pad, envelopes, correspondence pocket. $8.75.



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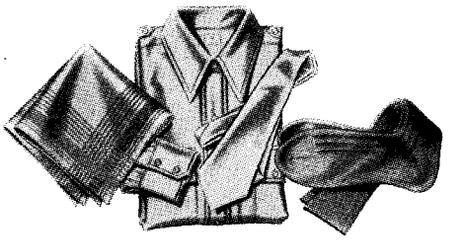

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MOTHER'S DAY

MRS. BOGART went to the window for the fourth time in less than an hour and looked down at Riverside Drive, hoping to see her daughter and her son-in-law. The open-top buses were jammed with people going to take snapshots on the steps of Grant's Tomb or on the terrace of the Cloisters. For a Sunday afternoon there were surprisingly few sailors in sight, but there were plenty of soldiers, a group of them in gray-blue Canadian uniforms. At the sound of a ship's horn they all turned toward the Hudson, where a large tanker was moving downstream under its own power. Mrs. Bogart almost said something to her husband about the strange flag painted on the ship's side, but Henry was bent over his chessboard. He had been on a problem for over an hour without having touched the pieces.

Mrs. Bogart remained quietly at the window. She watched all the buses as they stopped at the corner of 116th Street, and looked eagerly for the new green hat Edith was likely to wear and for Roy's light gabardine suit. She wondered if she would become reconciled to seeing Edith only once every seven days. Last winter, when Edith was first married, she had stopped in on her mother several times a week, but now she came only on Sundays and then always with Roy. The single redeeming feature of this arrangement was that it solved the Sunday-afternoon problem, which had troubled Mrs. Bogart ever since she and Henry had moved to New York, twenty-eight years ago.

Back in Oberlin they had had a habit of playing chess with each other every Sunday, and they had been fairly evenly matched. Now, as Mrs. Bogart thought back, it seemed to her that she had lost interest in the game about the time of the Peggy Meredith episode. After that, one of those friendly, trusting, youthful Sundays would have been too incongruous.

Moving to New York had helped some. And she was certain—as certain as it was humanly possible to be—that nothing of the sort had ever again taken place in Henry's life. She had checked on his comings and goings too thoroughly. As far as the Meredith thing went, no one, not even Edith, with whom she had been closer perhaps than mother and daughter should be, had ever found out.

It was three o'clock, a full hour after Edith's usual time on Sunday afternoons.

"Do you think anything could have happened?" Mrs. Bogart asked.

"They'll be here."

"Henry, I wish you'd sit up. Your chin is practically on the table."

He sat up. "Don't fret," he said. "They'll be here."

She turned back to the window. There were too many green hats in sight, so she looked for the gabardine suit now. Roy dressed well. He was, in general, an attractive son-in-law. He had worked his way up from being an announcer of commercials to news analyst on one of the major networks. Edith's sudden marriage to him had been a staggering blow to Mrs. Bogart, but that was because the girl had said almost nothing about the possibility of their getting married until all arrangements had been made.

Of course, Mrs. Bogart thought, Edith was old enough to know, if that were ever possible, exactly what she was doing. Her father had even begun to express fears that she would end up an old maid, a fate Mrs. Bogart did not concede would necessarily be tragic. She had wanted Edith to get married, yes, but to take her time about it. There had never been any lack of suitors, though when they came to the point Edith invariably dropped them. Henry was completely wrong in claiming that Mrs. Bogart's criticisms of the young men had something to do with what he called the girl's absurd fastidiousness. Now even Henry had to recognize the wisdom of having waited for someone like Roy.

"They're so late," Mrs. Bogart said. "I hope they'll stay for supper. I haven't had a real talk with her for the longest time. She hasn't so much as phoned me this week."

Henry looked up from the chessboard and said, "Edith has some of her own concerns now."

Naturally, Edith had her own concerns, Mrs. Bogart said to herself. But that was no reason for shutting her mother out. The fact was Edith had not even consulted her about choosing an apartment. She had moved into a place far down in the Village, picked her own silver, and asked permission to exchange at least two of Mrs. Bogart's carefully selected presents. And now she had taken to visiting on Sundays only. In going over these things, Mrs. Bogart must have missed seeing a bus, because the bell rang twice—Edith's signal. Henry put his board aside.

EDITH looked splendid. She was full of talk about people whom Mrs. Bogart had not met, radio people for the most part, friends of Roy. She mentioned one name—hyphenated, as Mrs. Bogart later recalled—and then glanced at Roy to see if it was all right. The man was French and travelling under a pseudonym.

"Darling," Edith said, "have those Macready Brothers found a new sponsor yet?"

"I don't think so," Roy said. "Some apple-growers' outfit from Washington seems to be interested, but nothing's been signed."

"My God," Henry said, "not the old vaudeville team used to do double-talk at the Palace?"

Roy nodded. "They've done everything since then—soap opera, night clubs, everything. I see them a lot around the studio. They'll be pleased no end when I tell them I found someone who actually remembered them from Palace days."

Edith went into the bathroom and Mrs. Bogart followed her. They had had some of their best talks in there, with Edith sitting on the edge of the tub while her mother did their stockings in the basin.

"Has your television set come yet?" Mrs. Bogart asked. "I've never seen one, you know."

"Not yet. Roy's been holding consultations with some engineer for weeks and they're waiting for a couple of special parts. Priorities."

Edith gave her hair a quick once-over and went back to the living room. Mrs. Bogart followed her. Edith pulled a few records out of the rack and looked idly at some of the labels. "I ought to get you a few new releases," she said.

Roy reached out for one of the albums. "I see you have the old Thibaud-Casals recording of the Brahms double."

"I prefer it to the Heifetz-Feuermann," said Henry.

Mrs. Bogart had no views on the subject; since Henry had chosen to venture one, all she could do was hope that it would not, in Roy's qualified opinion, be too preposterous.

"I agree with you," Roy said,

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"though I must say we're in a minority."

"Edith, I like that new purse of yours," Mrs. Bogart said.

"Altman's," Edith said.

Mrs. Bogart felt foolish for having dragged the conversation down to the level of shopping. For a while they were silent.

Then Roy said, "We talk about feeling the pinch in this country. Last week my research man got together most of the available data on conditions in Greece, and they're so appalling I had to leave out several of the more lurid details—censored as unfit for broadcasting."

"I heard you Friday," Henry said. "I hadn't seen much of that stuff in the papers. I wondered a little about your population figures."

"Oh, you caught that, did you? I don't see how that silly boner could have crept in. I must not have a very discerning audience. Two letters were all the kickback I got. How did you happen to nab me?"

"I don't know. Didn't sound right."

Roy laughed. "You're wonderful," he said. "Mrs. Bogart, I think your husband is wonderful."

The sound of a fire engine came up from the Drive. Henry and Roy went to the window.

"I hope you'll stay for supper," Mrs. Bogart said. "I have a lot of things you like."

"Oh, no, we couldn't. We should be on our way now," Edith said.

"But you just came."

"I know. We dawdled too long dressing. I forgot we were having some people for cocktails. I'll tell you what. Why don't we have lunch together this week?"

"But you've only been here a few minutes," Mrs. Bogart said.

"I know, dear. We just have to rush off, I'm afraid. What about lunch, though?"

"Tomorrow?" Mrs. Bogart asked. "I have to go downtown anyway." She didn't know why she said that.

"No, not tomorrow," Edith said. "Let's make it later in the week. I'll phone you. We'll make it a nice, long lunch." She turned to Roy. "Ready, darling?"

"I'm not," Roy said, "but here goes. Just a mad round of festivities."

Henry also protested, but in a few minutes they had said goodbye and were out of the apartment. Mrs. Bogart walked aimlessly around the room and stopped at the window again. Henry went back to the chessboard.

She watched Roy and Edith come

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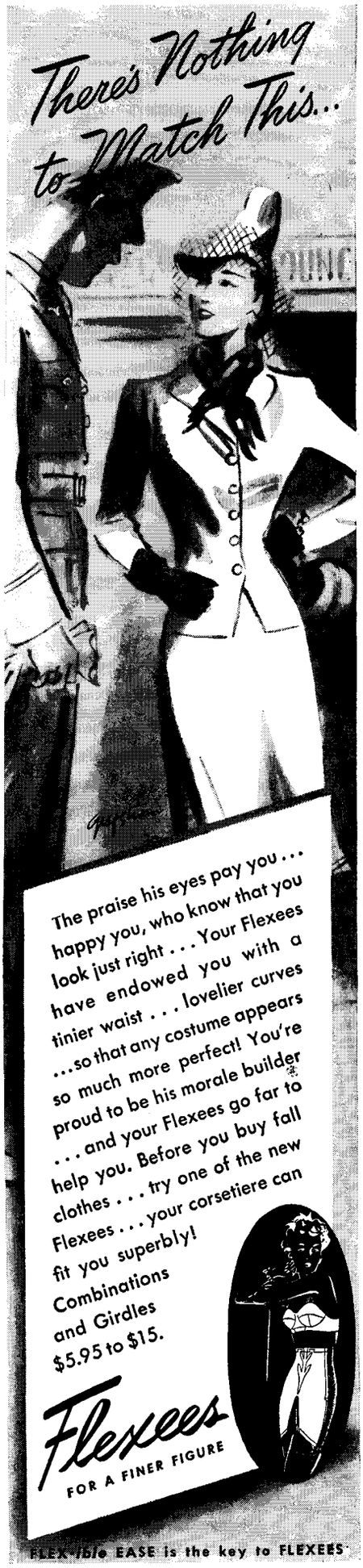
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out on the street. Instead of crossing the Drive to get a downtown bus, they stopped at the corner and hailed a northbound one. It was some time before Mrs. Bogart realized that they were not going home at all, and then she remembered that Edith had not even taken the trouble to specify what people they'd be having for cocktails. She began to cry. Henry was too absorbed in his problem to notice anything as she walked past him to the bathroom. Her face looked awful and she washed it in cold water.

Henry straightened up at the sound of her steps. He didn't want to be caught again with his chin almost touching the board. Looking at him, she thought how nice it was that he had kept his hair all these years. The pieces had still not been moved.

"Is it a difficult problem, Henry?" she asked.

Henry looked up in surprise. "Too tough for me."

"How many moves do you have to solve it in?"

"Five."

"I doubt if I'd know my way about the board any more."

"You used to be good," he said. "Why don't you try a game?"

"My goodness," she said, "you'd have to give me a rook and a knight at least, and then you'd probably win in a dozen moves."

"Let's try."

He set up the pieces cheerfully and smiled. It was nice that he had kept his teeth, too, she thought, and they had remained very white. To think that someone like Roy should be so genuinely impressed with him.

As the game got under way, Mrs. Bogart found that she remembered a great deal more of it than she had expected to. But Henry was probably taking it easy. He would. She wondered where he had heard that other recording of the Brahms double. None of his chess friends were likely to have it. It wasn't that she was trying to check on him again; what harm could there be in keeping track of those things?

"By the way," she said, "I'd be interested to hear that other set of records myself. Who has it? Anybody I know?"

"I heard it over WQXR," he said. "Your move."—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From "A Man Lay Dead," by Ngaio Marsh]

"I'm on Dr. Tokareff's side," said Angela suddenly, and collared Rankin about the knees.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

CELESTIAL IS THE REAL THING

A FEW weeks ago, with the Army's permission, I was prowling through a North American B-25, one of the kind that bombed Tokio, and shaking my head over just what a hideously potent weapon it is. By wriggling forward across the top of the bomb bay, there being not enough room to crawl, I came into a tiny, dark-green cubicle just behind the pilots' compartment. Here there were no guns or bomb sights; only a collapsible table, a map case, and several thoroughly unwarlike instruments that might be found in any commercial transport. I was told that this was the navigator's compartment. In this cramped office was housed the executive brain of the bomber. The rest of the crew—pilots, gunners, engineers, bombardier—have manipulative functions. The navigator deals only with ideas. Travelling backward, sitting on a small collapsible stool, he is the man who, if rattled by anti-aircraft fire or attacking fighters, can easily, by one small miscalculation, cause the loss and destruction of this crucial, man-packed weapon. The more I thought about navigators and their quiet duties, the more curious I became about what they were like. Several days later I arranged to go along on a navigators' training flight which was to start from Kelly Field in San Antonio, where one of the Army navigation schools is temporarily situated. This flight was to be in a squadron of thirteen training planes, AT-7's, both by day and by night, over land and over water, presenting to the student navigators, as far as possible, all the problems of weather and terrain they might later encounter during combat in B-25's.

On the day of the flight I went to the navigation instructors' headquarters at Kelly. Lieutenant Richards, the instructor in whose plane I was going to fly, greeted me from his desk. He was a small, neat man with golden-red hair and a quick manner. With that pointedly military politeness that almost all new officers have, he invited me to sit down. I asked if our itinerary had been decided upon. "Yes," he said. "We'll fly from here to Freeport, then cut south across the Gulf to Brownsville, where we'll land. We'll leave Brownsville as soon as it's dark, go to Brady, and then back to San Antonio—about a thousand miles in all. Would you like to meet the two students who are going to navigate our plane?"

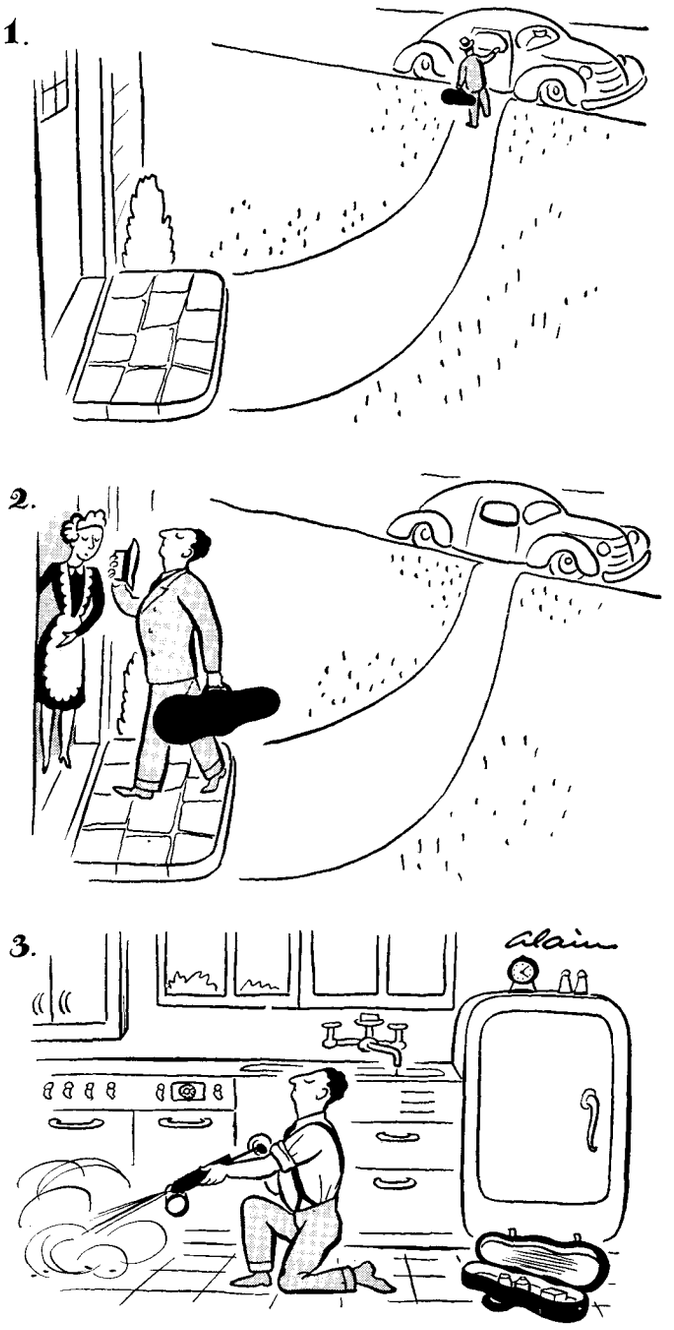
I said I would, and a moment later he called in two boyish cadets named Mautner and Levin. Mautner was a solid fellow with a wide, pinkish, freckled face and red hair. Levin was tall and dark and looked as if he found it unnatural to stand bolt upright.

Both of them shook hands with me firmly. I asked Mautner where his home was. After a second or two he wrenched out the word "California." I assumed he had probably lived in a number of places and was having some trouble in making a selection. Levin grinned. "He's from Hollywood," he said, "and doesn't want anybody to know it."

Both boys had been to college. Mautner had an A.B. from Columbia. Levin, who was from Chicago, had been a couple of months short of a degree at the Illinois Institute of Technology there when he had joined the Army. He had majored in chemistry and mathematics. When I asked them how they liked being navigators, Mautner and Levin both, for the first time, seemed eager to talk. "Just plain old dead reckoning is pretty interesting," Levin said, "but celestial is the real thing. The first time you stand up in that turret at night and shoot the stars and then figure your position and course and estimated time of arrival, and all these things work out and you turn up later hundreds of miles away at an exact minute—well, golly, you feel pretty excited."

"There's an awful lot of drama in it," Mautner said, with feeling. "You take your fix and do your figuring and all the time your watch is ticking off seconds—seconds to keep track of, seconds subtracted from the time you've got to do the job in, seconds till you'll know whether at the right moment you'll be somewhere, or nowhere. It's those seconds that really get me."

Lieutenant Richards stood up and looked at his watch. "You fellows better get something to eat," he said to his students. "See you at Hangar 17 at one."



AFTER lunch, Lieutenant Richards and I found thirty or forty cadets

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waiting in the sun outside Hangar 17. Each carried a briefcase, a rolled chart, a small case containing a sextant, and a brown-paper bag of sandwiches. They were standing around patiently and didn't talk much. Inside the hangar were some pilots and two or three small groups of navigation instructors. A bunch of the pilots were loudly and happily talking shop. One, with complete lack of self-consciousness, jumped into the air, clicked his heels, landed on one foot, and pirouetted in a squatting position. It was plain which young men considered themselves the daring dogs hereabouts. A couple of the school's civilian meteorology instructors were also present, hoping there would be vacant seats in the planes so that they might go along. One of the meteorologists wore a pith helmet, khaki trousers, and a white shirt; stencilled across the front of the shirt was his name, "Fidler." Fidler, who in Cincinnati, someone told me, used to run a strange and rather poetic radio program about the weather, came up and said, "Be very interesting today. There'll be some thunderstorms at sea." He then explained to me that it was necessary for navigators to know almost everything there is to know about the weather. "Among other things, they must recognize and avoid cumulus clouds, because the crosscurrents inside them can tear an airplane to pieces. They must also know how to make correct reports of weather over enemy territory."

At this point Lieutenant Richards brought over a slender young man in brown gabardine coveralls. "This is Lieutenant Thompson," he said. "He's going to fly us." The pilot asked us to excuse him and headed toward our plane. Outside, somebody began yelling orders, and the cadets moved into formation. As I walked out the door of the hangar, an officer came over to me, said, "Do you mind if we just make a cadet out of you?," and led me to the formation, where I fell in behind Levin and Mautner.

The same officer gave the students a time-reading, and they all set their watches. Then he said, "Fly to Freeport at nine thousand five hundred feet, drop to twenty-five hundred, and go to Brownsville. Any questions?" There were none, and the detachment was ordered to the planes, thirteen silver, twin-motored AT-7's, from which heat waves were rising. All of us marched quickly to our respective planes.

Lieutenant Thompson took his place in the forward cabin and Lieutenant

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Richards sat down in the co-pilot's seat beside him. Mautner, who was to be chief navigator on the first leg of the trip, took the forward seat in the rear cabin. I sat behind him and Levin sat behind me. At each navigator's seat, including my own, were a parachute, a yellow life preserver, a plyboard table, a compass, and an instrument that looked like a movie camera, which I learned was a drift meter. Above us was a transparent turret. The temperature outside the plane had been 102 in the shade; inside it was 125.

THE planes had been ordered to take off at three-minute intervals. After taking off, each plane was to be on its own. As our turn came, Lieutenant Thompson swung the ship nose-on to a runway and pushed both throttles all the way forward. When we were about three feet off the ground, he reached down and put the landing gear switch on "Up." A moment later we shot over the field's hangars and started to circle and climb. I began to look forward to attaining our assigned altitude and leaving the dense air traffic over Kelly Field. Meanwhile, Mautner and Levin each secured a graph on the top of his table with thumbtacks, laid out his mathematical paraphernalia, and made all necessary preliminary entries in a logbook.

As we neared nine thousand five hundred feet, the two cadets went to work in earnest. They looked very much like two studious college juniors taking an important quiz about the outcome of which they were neither cocky nor in doubt. They worked unhurriedly, but steadily and with care. Soon Mautner passed a note—which he first showed to me—to Lieutenant Thompson in the front cockpit saying that he wanted to take "a double drift-reading." In response, Lieutenant Thompson turned the plane forty-five degrees to the right, held it there for two minutes, then turned ninety degrees to the left for two minutes, and then turned back on course.

During this maneuver the cadets bent down and pressed their faces against the eyepieces of their drift meters, watching the drift of trees and fences across the hairlike crosslines on their lenses. I peered through mine, too, and the trees and houses all looked surprisingly well defined, like the miniature models at the old Futurama. After determining both wind direction and velocity, Mautner passed up a note containing course corrections made necessary by the plane's drift. Then he picked up his sextant and, standing up with his head in the turret, shot the sun.

Suddenly, from nowhere, a formation of six AT-6's streaked across the sky in front of us and quickly vanished. Then I noticed that we were approaching some extremely dirty-looking cumulus clouds, and I remembered Fidler's admonition. Shortly before reaching them, Mautner asked Lieutenant Thompson to turn forty-five degrees right. The pilot had scarcely banked the plane when it was abruptly subjected to a battering fusillade of hail, which, it seemed to me, might very well smash in the plastic enclosing the front cabin. Knowing, as any pilot would, that wherever there is hail there is invariably a violent downdraft, Lieutenant Thompson drew the nose of the plane up into climbing position. I had expected the ship to gain altitude, but the altimeter in the rear cabin showed that we were dropping fifteen hundred feet per minute. A couple of long minutes later, though, we were out of the hail and back on our course.

Now Mautner wrote his Freeport E.T.A. (estimated time of arrival) on a slip of paper and passed it forward. In fifteen minutes we saw below us, at the juncture of the Brazos River and the Gulf, the geometrical pattern of Freeport. Despite our encounter with cumulus clouds, and our ups and downs in the hailstorm, Mautner's course had been perfect, his E.T.A. only fifty seconds off. Lieutenant Richards climbed back into our cabin and said, "Good job, Mautner. Right on the nose."

LEVIN was to be our chief navigator for the rest of the trip. He handed Lieutenant Thompson a piece of paper bearing our new course, and the pilot brought the plane down to twenty-five hundred feet and headed out to sea. The bright water made my eyes smart and I frequently had to close them. Except for taking occasional sun shots, both cadets were busy keeping the plane's course marked on their graphs. Lieutenant Thompson sat in his seat much as a rabbit sits by a country road at dusk, intently watching and listening. Lieutenant Richards, out of character, lolled sidewise in his seat, his chin in one hand, a folded map in the other, looking hot and bored.

Something like an hour and a half out of Freeport we sighted and passed over Padre Island, a long, barren sand strip that lies off the Texas coast. A little later we were dropping into the Brownsville airport amid the other twelve AT-7's, a swarm of P-40's, and a couple of almost jovially peaceful Pan American transports. I went off to town with the officers and a very bad conscience to dine at an air-conditioned hotel, leaving Levin and Mautner with the other cadets to gnaw the contents of their brown-paper bags on the sweltering airport lawn.

By nine o'clock the first of our thirteen planes was taking off for Brady through a layer of low clouds blowing in from the Gulf. This time I took the co-pilot's seat so that Lieutenant Richards might sit with his students. As we took off, I was still fussing with the leg straps of my parachute, which I had got into a snarl of remarkable complexity. The next half-hour my attention was so concentrated on trying to untangle this mess that I did not pay any particular attention to the occasional dim flashes of lightning far off to the left. I thought that we appeared to be flying toward a very thick bank of clouds, but I didn't take it seriously, and went back to work on my leg straps. Then a sheet of lightning lit up the sky as far as I could see, and for the first time I realized that we were running away from a storm, and that we would have to outrun it or get off our course.

The earth and the occasional lights we had seen on it were no longer visible. Lieutenant Thompson was flying by means of the somehow eerie constellation of bright-green luminous dials and instruments before him. The overcast was closing over us as well as beneath us, and the air was becoming increasingly rough. As Lieutenant Thompson looked from side to side and above him, there was an electric quality in his movements that had not been there before. His glance swept across the instruments every forty or fifty seconds, and though he was firmly strapped down by his safety belt, he seemed to be sitting at least an inch above his seat. By the time I got my parachute leg straps adjusted, the wind was really beginning to take hold of us, buffeting the ship this way and that, driving one wing down and the other up with a violent shearing action. At one moment everything would be gray-black outside the windows. The next moment the plane, and as much of the overcast as I could see, would be full of light from the distant lightning,

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and a crosscurrent would wrench the plane dangerously into an almost sideways motion. It was impossible for me to sense whether we were flying parallel to the earth or down toward it. It occurred to me that, should Lieutenant Thompson's attention be distracted from his instruments long enough for the plane's nose to drop, our flying time to the earth would be somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty seconds.

I looked back over my shoulder. The student navigators, now snugly strapped in, were holding flashlights over their papers, placidly working at their problems as if they were in a comfortable and entirely stationary schoolroom. If either of them felt the excitement they had talked of that morning, there was certainly no evidence of it. For my part, I could not see why this wind should not, as Fidler had said, rip the wings off the plane. Yet Lieutenant Thompson was flying the plane so superbly—not only keeping it levelled but maintaining his altitude almost precisely, I could see by my instruments, at sixty-five hundred feet, his air speed at a safe margin above stalling, while at the same time taking the plane away from the electrical storm and into the crosscurrents as gently as possible—that I found myself again and again slipping into the attitude of a fascinated, personally disinterested spectator. I began to feel an enormous pride in the pilot's ability to lick the storm, as if he were a small wrestler who was practically dismembering Man Mountain Dean.

At this inconvenient moment our starboard motor began to show a certain reluctance to do its bit. It sounded as if it were gasping and petering out. Lieutenant Thompson reached for a pair of levers to the right of his throttles and eased forward on the starboard one, holding his right hand there. I knew that Mautner and Levin could sense every revolution the starboard motor was losing, and I tried to detect any slight trace of what I regarded as normal, even decent, human apprehension under circumstances that plainly merited it. Levin was checking a computation with his finger, entirely unmoved and, so far as I could see, actually oblivious to the eccentricities of both the weather and the starboard motor. Mautner was thoughtfully jotting down some figures. I was a little irritated by the genuineness of their unconcern.

We got a report from Kelly Field which said that the bad weather was slowly closing in over the rest of Texas and that clouds were hanging over San Antonio at two thousand feet. If we

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could get there before they dropped below a thousand, we could come down. Otherwise, some different arrangements would have to be made. We changed our course to run directly to Kelly Field.

SOMEWHAT later we began edging into the clear. Small towns twinkled underneath us. Levin neither peeped at them nor checked them against a map nor altered his course. His orders had been to navigate by the stars alone, when and if he got a chance to see them. At about 10:45 he handed me a note. It said, "E.T.A. 23:07 [11:07 P.M.]." I passed it to Lieutenant Thompson. By 11 o'clock there was a dim sprinkling of diamond dust off in the distance straight ahead of the plane's nose. At 11:07 we were over Kelly Field, receiving permission from the control tower to come in and land.

A few minutes later the plane had landed and taxied to its berth. In the rear cabin, Levin and Mautner, having made the final entries in their logbooks, were quietly gathering up their mathematical gear. They were ready to go to bed. Their mission was successfully completed. So was mine. I knew what the men were like who ride in the small, green office next to a bin full of bombs in a B-25.

—GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

941 SHERMAN AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY
SEPTEMBER 8, 1942

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN the course of your dissertation in the "Talk of the Town" department on the quality of sound produced by a New England air-raid siren (your issue of September 5th), you proclaim the horn sound on the old Winton auto to have been "Ah-yoo-gah!" This is erroneous. The Winton horn was a doublevex, inverse oblong, and the quality produced on the usual two-second contact had a noticeably more guttural sound; to wit, "Ga-roooo-ruh!" The comparatively limpid "Ah-yoo-gah!" of your treatise came as late as 1916, when it was featured on the circular, single-cone trumpet which, in that year and until 1919, was standard Packard equipment.

Yours very truly,
EDWARD HILL

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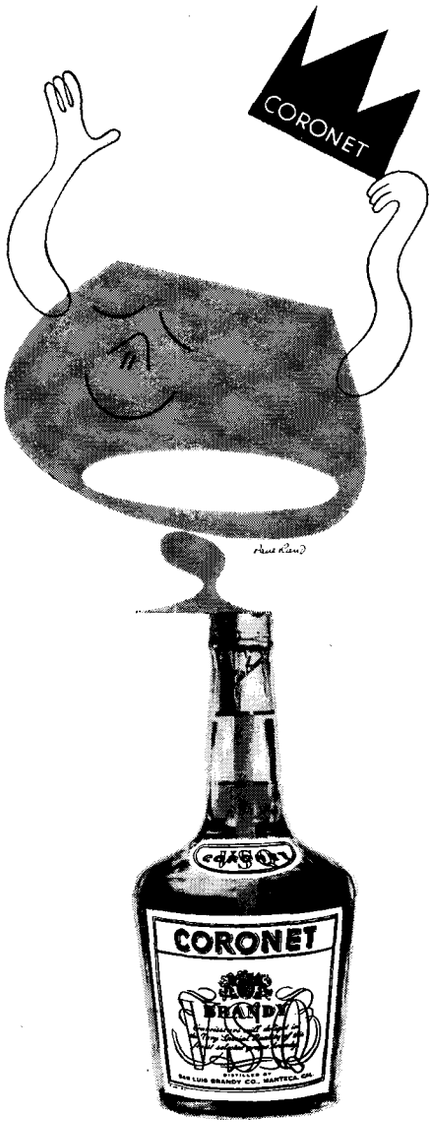

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

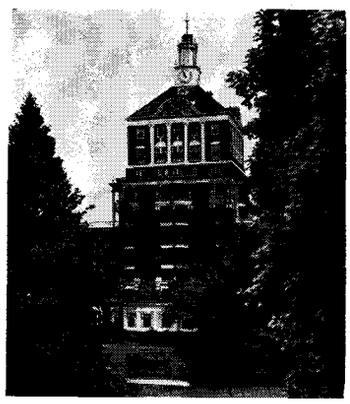
Epidemic

MOVIEGOERS who like films in which grownup women masquerade as children form a group whose tastes are often overlooked for months at a time, but now all of a sudden they're in for a picnic. Two films in which grownup women masquerade as children have been released almost simultaneously. One is called "Between Us Girls," featuring Diana Barrymore and Kay Francis, the first of whom, luckily, is the masquerader. Miss Barrymore plays the part of a daughter who feels that it would be helpful to her mother's love-life (her mother is a widow lady) if she appeared to be a younger daughter than she really is, so she puts on short skirts and, at one point, roller skates. These pro s fool not only John Boles, her mother s fellow, but also Robert Cummings, whom she would like for her own. As a matter of fact, he kind of goes for her anyway, a rather mysterious performance on his part, but necessary to the plot. Miss Barrymore's interpretation of a twelve-year-old is a lively one, involving a good deal of violent motion and high-pitched conversation. Miss Francis, as her mother, is a much quieter figure, gentle, understanding, a pal as well as a parent, although at the same time an inferior sort of housekeeper. She employs one of those crotchety female servants that are always turning up in the movies and other forms of fiction—apparently useless, but somehow indispensable. Andy Devine, wearing glasses to lend spice to his personality, is also in the picture, and so, fleetingly, are Guinn Williams and Walter Catlett. Mr. Cummings comes off best of the bunch, getting what he can out of his part and not bothering with what he can't. Miss Barrymore plays hers right up to the hilt and right over the hilt halfway up her forearm.

The other child impersonation occurs in "The Major and the Minor," whose title is probably its reason for being. Some producer must have said to some writer, " 'The Major and the Minor' would be a tricky name for a picture, especially with a war on and

AUTUMN DAYS AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



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Tale of Two Cities—

If you have business in Washington but can't get hotel reservations, do as many others are doing. Stop overnight in Baltimore at the nationally-famous Belvedere Hotel. 2 minutes from Penna. or B & O station—40 minutes, and you're in the nation's capital, relaxed for the day's work.

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'major' being a military rank and all, so why don't you see if you can work out a little story to go with it?" He must have said to work it out by Tuesday, too, because the end of the picture looks as though it had been contrived on the run. The talent in this film is more expensive than in the other, but aside from that there's not much to choose between them. Ginger Rogers is the girl who won't be her age, her motivation being the economic need to ride half-fare on a train. Ray Milland is the major, an instructor at a military school. He, too, is strangely attracted by this kiddy who comes into his life, although he is at the moment taken up with a watchful fiancée and therefore can't make much of a play for the little tyke. Miss Rogers is not as active a child as Miss Barrymore but more the shy, wide-eyed type. A certain number of gay incidents arise from her attraction for the major's pupils, who are in the low teens themselves and look on her as womanly enough for their purposes.

"TISH," a film based on a character created by Mary Roberts Rinehart, will probably not meet with the approval of Mary Roberts Rinehart fans, or Kate Douglas Wiggin, Olive Higgins Prouty, or Ruth Plumly Thompson fans either, for that matter. This character, played by Marjorie Main, is a forceful old lady who runs other people's lives in a lovable way, assisted by two other old ladies, just as lovable (Zasu Pitts and Aline MacMahon). Their charm is considerably obscured, though, by a screen play and direction for which mediocre is a saintly adjective.

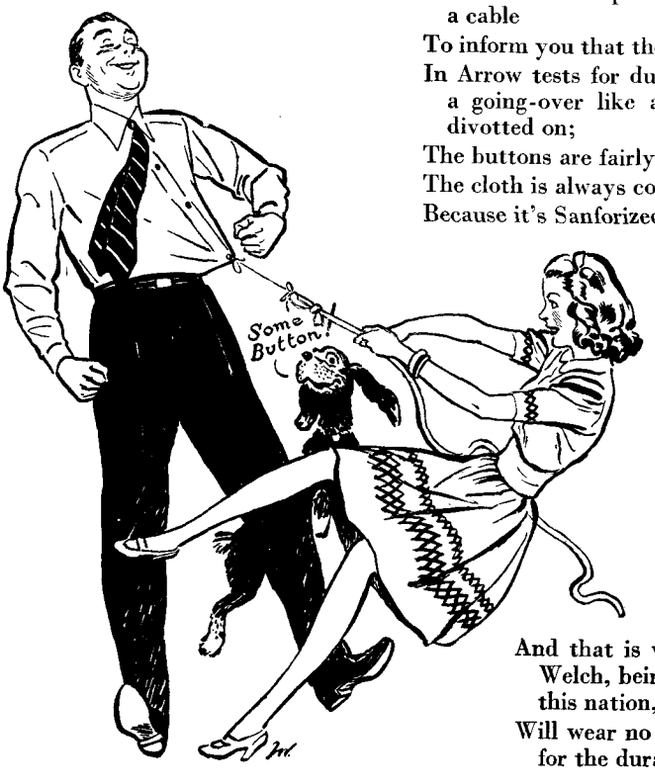
THE United States Navy is reported to have been reluctant to release the two reels of film shot by Commander John Ford and two others at Midway Island, but if that was because there was anything in them to conceal, there must have been some cutting done by the time "The Battle of Midway" was finally ready for the public. There's nothing left that a spy would waste invisible ink on. This short feature is being used by exhibitors in their war-bond drive and should be a good booster, since it has some dramatic spots. As a clear record of what went on at Midway, however, it is a bit too bumpy. Things were obviously happening too hot and heavy to be very neatly photographed. The best action shots of this war are likely to be made not on the spot, but on location.

—DAVID LARDNER

EVER SINCE Hilda, their servant,
Feeling fervent,
Left for a munitions job,
Mrs. Welch's done the laundry
for herself and Bob.

"I hate to trouble you,
Mrs. W.,"
Said Bob after the first wash,
"But doggonit,
This shirt hasn't got a button
on it."

Mrs. Welch found
That two of the shirts never lost
buttons, never shrank, and were
in every wise sound.
Not only that: they look twice
As nice
As all the rest;
And she looked to see what made
them best.



Bob subsequently squawked about
The way the collars turned out;
And there was considerable evil thinkage
About shrinkage.
Bob said, "Dear, this is the worst period
in history
For clothes to be weak-sistery.
Today of all days they should have wear
To spare."

We don't have to phone you or send you
a cable
To inform you that they bore the Arrow label.
In Arrow tests for durability, the fabrics get
a going-over like a fairway a duffer has
divotted on;
The buttons are fairly riveted on;
The cloth is always correctly sized
Because it's Sanforized.

And that is why, my children, Bob
Welch, being a devoted patriot of
this nation,
Will wear no other shirts but Arrow
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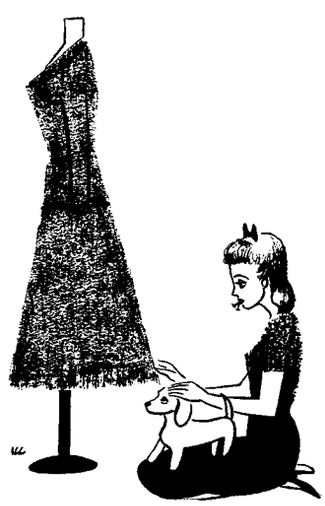
OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.
SEPTEMBER 8

TO an old Washingtonian coming back after twenty years, the capital seems as open and as green as ever. Arching trees still line the thoroughfares, and in the old northwest section, still the social and governmental heart of the town, the arrangement of the marble federal buildings and of the rows of old houses set back on their lawns is broken by pleasant parks, just as it was when I lived here. I noticed all this from the window of a cab as I drove from the Union Station to a hotel on Sixteenth Street, two blocks north of the White House. The driver was a native, and he was impressed by a fare who could remember the days when Bobby Roth played right field for the Senators. "That ball team ain't changed one bit," he said. "Still lousy." Then he went into a tirade against the niggardliness of Clark Griffith, the club's owner, a man who has been condemned for this quality by Washington baseball fans as far back as I can remember.

The town had changed in some respects, though, the cabby told me. "You wouldn't recognize it further out," he said. "Apartment houses along Alaska Avenue clear to the District line, and big government buildings across the river in Arlington." The regions he mentioned had in my day been, respectively, a summertime haunt of the catbird, and a quiet bank from which a fisherman might haul yellow perch out of the Potomac. I had left the city the year the Knickerbocker Theatre roof caved in following a great fall of snow and around the time the Disarmament Conference was being held in the D.A.R. Memorial Continental Hall on Seventeenth Street. Perhaps to place the time of my departure even better, you might recall when the country was being dominated by "Kitten on the Keys" and Warren G. Harding, two national misfortunes of just about equal gravity.



Of course, there was prohibition, too. Nobody then had ever heard of the Cocktail Hour, something everybody in Washington seems to hear about today, frequently. The Cocktail Hour brings out a special fauna—the iridescent, full-fledged gossip-monger, a local pest which thrives under indirect lighting. At one Hour I attended shortly after my arrival, a lady in an obtrusive hat earnestly informed me that Secretary Morgenthau had the sweetest voice of any Cabinet member, while behind my back, I was vividly aware, a gentleman was reporting that some anti-aircraft gunners had brought down six of our own Army planes in California. On the other side of the room a woman confided, in far from confidential tones, that the Nazis had got *way* ahead of us with a rocket gun, usable interchangeably against planes, tanks, and low-flying egos.

THE Southern atmosphere is still as strong in Washington as ever. I sat in a restaurant near a group of junior Naval Reserve officers while one of them, in that bantering vein of complaint so common among men of the South, was describing his troubles in the service. It seemed that his papers made him several days older than he was and had altered the spelling of his Christian name from Neal to Neil. "Changed mah name. Changed mah age," he lamented. Upon reaching Washington he had been assigned to handling confidential communications. The secrecy of this work weighed on him, apparently. "When Ah go to the movies at night, Ah just *hope* maybe Ah can sit next to some girls," he sighed, "but Ah know who'll be there on either side of me—them Naval *In*-tell-i-gence men." The whole conversation, including the chaffing of his listeners, was carried on in the timbre of the Georgia congressman's eight-year-old son who used to sit near me at the James Ormond Wilson School and wear down my juvenile nerves.

To one accustomed to New York cops, the Washington police seem to have a comic aspect which I utterly fail to recall from my youth. Present-day Washington, a city of eight hundred thousand souls, is not very crime-ridden, and the existing guardians of law and order seem immeasurably less grand than those who took care of about half that number of people in my boyhood. Those Cerberi, according to well-accepted rumor, rode bicycles at speeds of over sixty miles an hour, covered every dark alleyway in the capital, and had the power to penetrate wood and stone. Today, their successors wear rather baggy uniforms and shout unpleasantly at pedestrians who move against the "Walk" or "Don't Walk" signs stuck up at traffic intersections.

Washington's ancient and tumbledown Water Street wharves—redolent of fish and oysters and wood in the sun—have blossomed into sanitary market buildings, studded with sea-food restaurants. These are patronized by the sporting set among government workers. Some of them with whom I dined one night never knew that their companion had taken it on the lam many times right across the spot on which they were eating crab Norfolk. The vicinity in former days was a dangerous one for a nine-year-old bent upon purchasing bait to fish for crappies in the Tidal Basin. Armed only with a dismounted fishing rod in a case in my right hand and with the handles of a bait bucket and a tackle box in my left, I often ran the gantlet of the neighborhood trolls—boys of my own age, but incredibly tougher—until I reached the comparative safety of Potomac Park. If, the other night, I glanced up apprehensively whenever the door opened, it was from a deep-seated fear of being discovered in that region without a club in my hand.

Near the wharves is Hall's, an old Washington eating place which moseys right along as it always did, with the aid of its Negro waiters, its excellent sea food, its steaks, and the decorative picture of a naked woman near the entrance. The restaurant of the Hotel Occidental, next to the Willard, still has good food, too, and these days you're apt to run into Commander Gene Tunney, U.S.N.R., there, seated over oysters and a bottle of white wine, a sight which may or may not add to the enjoyment of your meal, depending on how you felt about the long count. The unchanged little houses in Georgetown, with whitewashed terraces and gardens of blue delphinium, are now eagerly sought after by young married intellectuals bolstering the New Deal. The intellectuals broil steaks and read Kant and Proust in their gardens. "Washington is the god-damnedest, most intellectual town in the country," a Georgetown book dealer told me, overcome with pride.

I'M glad I came back here, if only for the sake of a few glimpses of the trivia of wartime Washington. There

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is, for example, at least one electric automobile (license 541), and a well-feathered drake which lives in a yard on Dupont Circle. Among capital saluters, the Marine guards stationed in the various Navy Department buildings are the greatest artists. With amazing control of the downstroke, they anticipate the officer's own rhythm—slow-motion for the languid type, snappy for the pep boys—with never a change of expression. Paper clips are as common on Washington streets as burnt paper matches in New York, proving, perhaps, the charge that the whole place depends on attached communications. Callers at government buildings must obtain passes to enter. The crush is especially bad at the Munitions Building, where manufacturers, contractors, and uniformed officers wait in an irritable throng. One never quite knows whom he will find beside him. I spent twenty minutes there one afternoon in close juxtaposition to a nervous ensign who kept repeating, incomprehensibly, "Pigs, spooks, and goddesses. Pigs, spooks, and goddesses." The Allies Inn, a popular cafeteria near the War Department, is a holdover from the last war and would never think of changing its name to United Nations Inn. The numerous cabs, which seem small to New Yorkers, pile up an average of over a hundred miles a day wheeling entities and nonentities furiously around the town in gay unconcern for the tire-and-gas shortage. In an elderly building on Connecticut Avenue, where my orthodontist straightened the most obdurate incisors in Washington, there is now a small, brisk Mary Chess shop, offering fragrance, instead of pain, to the capital's residents. The newspapers here publish serious warnings, which other papers throughout the country are urged

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SHOPS AND SERVICES DEPARTMENT

THE NEW YORKER
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to copy, advising emotional girls not to come on for Civil Service jobs but to stay, for God's sake, in their home towns. The girls keep coming, however, and records in local mental institutions, like St. Elizabeth's Hospital, have shown a constant, ominous little rise in the number of female government workers admitted. A Washington sociologist told me that the main problem is to find men for the girls before the girls crack up. "But since their idea of the best way to spend a Sunday is to attend church three times, the solution isn't so easy," he said. "As a matter of fact, the government-employed maiden may well be unassimilable into normal life."

AFTER eleven in the evening the light from street lamps, which are painted black on top, drops green-gold through the foliage, and only rarely is a pedestrian seen. As midnight nears and the town winds down, the crickets' song from the parks and yards grows louder. Washington, despite all its importance as a world capital, is still the essence of the forty-eight states, with a strong small-town aroma. It goes to bed early and it gets up early. It has back-yard flower gardens and front-porch swings. It is still, at this time of the year, distinctly hot, and it is still, I am glad to say, charming.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

In the Mediterranean a submarine commended by Lieutenant R. L. Alexander, R. N., has carried out a successful attack on an escorted convoy consisting of three supply ships.—*The Times.*

A little praise *always* helps.

•

"The Greatest Blunder in History" will be the subject of Rev. Albert E. Tebay, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Altadena, Sunday at the 11 A.M. service. There will be a special dedicatory service for babies at this time.—*Pasadena Star-News.*

Too cynical for us.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Devil's Daughter," by Peter Marsh*]

All was real, but it was a feverish sort of reality and as the night progressed she did not feel that he was losing himself in her embraces. If anything, his tenseness increased and there was a diabolical quality in his fervor that frightened her. She felt exhausted, completely enervated, and, as if reading her mind, he asked her if she wouldn't like a snack.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

NO matter how deeply the feminists may resent it, the fact remains that a world at war is a man's world, in which the dazzling heroics are entrusted to the male sex and women are assigned to the plodding, supplementary rôles, whether these be enacted in coveralls or house dresses, whether they consist of squinting at airplanes or struggling with babies' formulas. Nature seems to have planned it that way for keeps. So again we are in the midst of times when our men become very masculine indeed and want the sex they are protecting to be feminine without being cute, practical without looking sombre, gay with no touch of dizziness. And again fashion has found that black is the answer.

In the past, we in this country have never been particularly talented in the matter of plain black dresses. For frivolous evenings, our designers have always been able to achieve a siren, come-hither touch or a peek-aboo seductiveness, but their black dresses for occasions calling for something at once smart, utilitarian, and ladylike have tended to look practical to the point of dreariness. It was to Paris that we used to turn for those "little dresses" that managed to have allure despite their day-in, evening-out usefulness. Now, at last, we seem to have transplanted the knack to these shores, and simple black dresses with dash and brilliance are to be found all over town.

Readers of this department are probably aware that the street-length dinner dress, though a handy thing in theory, is usually developed in far too fussy a manner for my taste—or for a chorus cutie's, so far as that goes. Hattie Carnegie's on-into-the-evening day dresses, however, are so simple and at the same time imply such elegance that they succeed in blending that well-groomed look with allure. A crêpe one has a plain V neck, long sleeves, and harem drapery low in back; another of the same material is shirred up the front, and there isn't a clip or a tassel or a thingumajig on it. One slick dress has an all-over moiré design picked out in slivers of black jet; a second is given a dash of color by pouch pockets made of turquoise velvet and covered with jet balls and embroidery.

For colorful nonsense, Hattie Carnegie, who first popularized the sweater-topped evening dress in these parts, now brings knits back into the daytime and decorates them with the most charming jewelled buttons you'll see in town. Beautiful tweeds and hand-knits are made into suits that are cut as deftly as those your husband's tailor runs up, though they have no truck whatsoever with masculine severity. Many of these suits, indeed, do very dressy things. An oatmeal-colored knit box jacket, for instance, with jewelled buttons and a black skirt, has a Peter Pan collar of black Persian lamb; a jacket in Beauty pink (a soft, warm version of Shocking pink) has a detachable collar of black fox. Carnegie has designed a cozy hat to go with these; it has a twisted roll around the hairline, descends in a cone in back, and is called the "wind sock," being modelled, you see, after those airport gadgets that show which way the wind is blowing. These suits may also be accompanied by childish, knitted gloves but that in no way keeps them from being big-town. Among the luxurious woollen suits here are a couple with black skirts; one has a tobacco-yellow jacket with black braid decorating its pockets, and the other has a jacket of pale-blue wool with black Persian lapels extending to frogs at the waistline. (All the jackets here are likely to be nipped in at the waist and short, as this establishment has never cared for an

"All right, then it's not Harris tweed. So you won't make Ten Best Dressed Men this year!"

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exaggerated long-torso line.) For a town-and-country coat, look at a tomato-red tweed one, fitted in princesse style and having a chauffeur's deep shawl collar in gray opossum.

MAINBOCHER pays scant attention to in-between dresses. His daytime offerings would be as much at home in an office at nine in the morning as at a cocktail bar late in the afternoon, and most of his after-dark models are long but so gracefully handled that no woman would feel overdressed in them except at a barn dance. He continues to put great artistry into daytime clothes of the kind the college shops are wont to call "school-girl classics." These include dresses that have round, collarless necks (there's where your pearls come in), little buttons down the bodice, simple belts, and a fourteen-year-old look that never really is fourteen-year-old for an instant. For sophisticated adults, Mainbocher continues to make twin-sweater suits in which both the pullover and the cardigan are often decorated with black braid swags or embroidery in the hollow of the shoulder. Twin sweaters appear again for evening, as in a suit that consists of a turquoise cashmere cardigan and pullover ornamented with jet embroidery, and a black crêpe skirt which, though slender, still has the easy fullness that characterizes all the clothes here and means that they look well when the wearer moves.

Topcoats of black wool are given a mannish, campus cut—a vent in back and all—but have a ripple of Persian lamb down the front and a Persian lining to make them an awesome spectacle on close inspection. You'll see simple brown tweed suits with the jackets lined in ermine (someday the man will go too far), and again, for both day and evening, he uses little jackets, bloused slightly and ending in buckled belts, like lumberjacks'. One such jacket has lapels and pockets of pink faille embroidered with silver beads, and looks, until it is removed to show a modest surplice lace top, like part of the black crêpe dinner dress beneath.

When it comes to long dinner and evening dresses, Mainbocher does as much to make a Hedy Lamarr of you as nature will permit. There are quantities of slender black crêpe dresses—some with long sleeves, some sleeveless but covering the top of the shoulder. Many have no decoration at all save, say, a frouf of ostrich feathers in a moderate V in the décolletage; many more have narrow black satin belts with a rose tucked in at the waistline (there is something so lovely about Mainbocher's satin belts and his flowers), as well as other accessories that can make a simple dress more formal. You may like a lamé belt, for instance, with puffy pockets of lamé and lamé gloves to match, or an overskirt that is all alternating godets of sapphire and black tulle.

IT is to be noted that Carnegie now has original models in her ready-to-wear department at prices that start at $60; Mainbocher remains one hundred per cent custom and grand-luxe to the rafters. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Substitutes for Substitutes

THE food-shop people these days are so bent on showing new substitutes for practically everything on earth that they hardly give you a chance to keep up your acquaintance with old standbys, even though many of these seem to be holding out nicely. Wartime *pâtés de foie gras*, for example, are all right for what they are, and their makers can be congratulated for showing such resourcefulness, but that's not saying a wartime *pâté* will do any more for a dry Martini than a bit of anytime smoked trout. Smoked fish of all kinds being nearly as plentiful and every bit as good as it ever was, it seems like a sensible thing right now to remind you of some of the finer varieties, even though they have been with us right along.

One of the really remarkable preserved fish or, for that matter, one of the really remarkable foods of any sort, is the smoked rainbow trout from the High Valley Farm in Colorado. During warm weather, Bellows' Gourmet's Bazaar, at 69 East 52nd Street, prefers to order these lovely little fish sent direct to you, but it should have a supply of its own on hand pretty soon, as should the grocery section at Altman. A tinned *pâté* that is made of the same smoked trout and retains its fine flavor to a surprising degree can be bought right now at either of these shops.

Of course, a lot of people with a nice taste for smoked fish will tell you that any serious discussion of the subject should begin with the delicatessen of Barney Greengrass, at 541 Amsterdam Avenue (86th). Begin and end there is what true admirers of the self-styled "sturgeon king," including Mr. Greengrass himself, would say. However that may be, you will find no better salmon or sturgeon anywhere in the country than are displayed in this model shop. Here are two varieties of smoked salmon, one a fine-flavored, rather salty Columbia River fish, and the other a Nova Scotia product that is almost as delicate in taste and texture as any salmon Scotland ever sent us. There is also an excellent smoked sturgeon from the Great Lakes (delicious with a bit of finely chopped dill) and a very good smoked whitefish from the same waters. Mr. Greengrass, I regret to say, is something of an anti-feminist, at least when ladies impinge upon the subject of fish, and he is apparently certain that no woman knows the difference between one smoked fish and another. If he had his way, I imagine, the shop's clientele would be as exclusively masculine as that of a poolroom, which might be more of a break for sturgeon than for Mr. Greengrass.

Nova Scotia smoked salmon is certainly no rarity around town, but it is not every corner delicatessen, by a long shot, that carries the finest quality or avoids drying out what fish it has by too much refrigeration. It's good to know, therefore, that Wynne & Treanor, at 712 Madison Avenue (63rd); Old Denmark, at 135 East 57th Street; and Vendôme, at 415 Madison Avenue (48th), all have the very best salmon Nova Scotia sends us, and that they do just right by it in keeping it moist and fresh.

A salmon which is not smoked at all but cured in brine and spices and called *grav lax* by the Swedes is prepared at the delicatessen of Nyborg & Nelson, at 841 Third Avenue (51st). Scandinavians think highly of this method, but I find the result less delicate than the best smoked salmon. What I frequent the Third Avenue shop principally for is the smoked eel, which I think is as good as what we used to get from Sweden. If you have shopped for this delicacy, you have probably learned that there is a lot of simply terrible smoked eel around. The difference between the good and bad, I suspect, is not so much a matter of the quality of the eel as of the smoking. Too often this is done slapdash over sawdust or any old thing, but you will never find a Swede up to such reprehensible tricks. For another week or so the Nyborg & Nelson shop will also be able to supply you with those fresh-water crayfish called *kräftor* which are shipped here from Wisconsin, to the joy of our Swedish population. They are sold boiled with dill and are extremely tasty eaten cold with mayonnaise or made into any number of fine Swedish dishes.

LESS sensational, perhaps, but very good all the same, are the herring tidbits sold in two-and-a-half-pound wooden pails at Bloomingdale. These

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are put up in a most savory white-wine sauce and are so popular with Bloomingdale's customers that the store is hard pressed to keep from running short. Southern herring roe can be bought at Altman and at a little place called the Blue Ribbon Sea Food Market, 462 Sixth Avenue (11th). The Old Denmark shop has a surprisingly large assortment of Scandinavian preserved fish of one kind or another—mostly herring done in those infinitely varied sauces that used to be part of the Swedish *smörgåsbord*. All are remnants of a prewar stock and are guaranteed to be in perfect condition. It seems such tinned things keep indefinitely under refrigeration.

A smoked sliced salmon sent here in tins from California is to be had at Altman and Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street. Of course, this cannot touch the non-canned variety, but it is one of the best of its kind and has the great advantage of being something you can keep on your kitchen shelf. Maison Glass and a considerable number of delicatessens carry a smoked crab, put up by the Cresca people, that makes a moderately interesting canapé, as well as the St. Moritz brand of herring fillets done in a spiced tarragon sauce that is very nice.

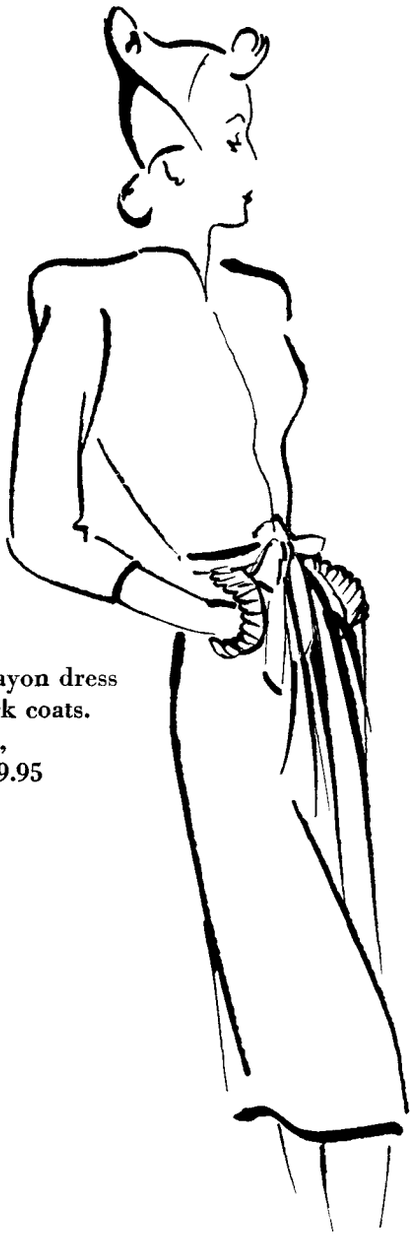
ALONG OTHER LINES: Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st), has a stock of three Schoonmaker California wines—a Zinfandel, a Mourestel, and a Sémillon Blanc—in half-pint bottles, which sell for twenty-nine cents apiece. The bottles hold exactly two glasses and are nothing short of a blessing for the modest wine-drinker. . . . Most of the Merit Farms stores carry a very pleasant New York State Camembert which is sold under the brand name of Nobility and is a good thing to know about, particularly in the absence of those excellent California cheeses of the same type that are sent here in cold weather. . . . The fine, plain roasts to be had daily at Vendôme are nothing new but are worth more attention than they get from many of the shop's customers who think of the place in terms of caviar and *foie gras*. There's a different meat each day—sirloin of beef, lamb, stuffed veal, or whatever—and you can purchase a whole roast or just a few slices. —S. H.

•

Miss Laura Caraway gave a review of "Dog House" by Ibsen.—*Paris (Ill.) Daily Beacon-News.*

Sequel to "The Hound of the Baskervilles," isn't it?

From our Young-Timers Fall Collection



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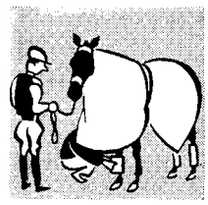
THE RACE TRACK

Good Handicapping

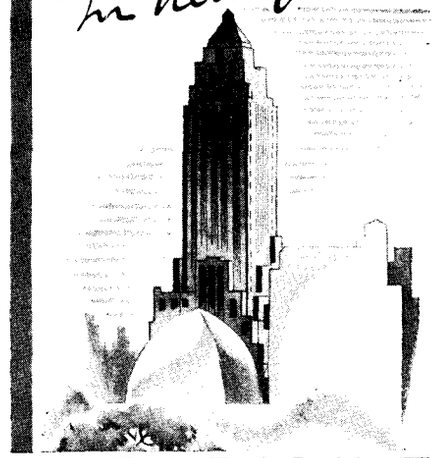


THE racing was much better than the horses at Aqueduct last week. Of course, this is only an opinion, and probably a questionable one at that, for, after all, I'm the old curmudgeon who doesn't believe that Whirlaway is the world's wonder, even if he has earned nearly half a million in prize money. I suppose one's feeling about a horse depends on one's point of view, which reminds me that at the end of the eighth race at Aqueduct the other afternoon a horseplayer I don't know announced to everyone within earshot, "That Gooseberry is the greatest horse in the world!" Now the gentleman may have been aware that Gooseberry is a full brother of Shut Out, and he may have weighed this against the fact that the animal hadn't won in months and could be bought without a struggle for $1,200, but I'll lay a point better than the conventional odds that he had a bet on the beast, who, not at all incidentally, *paid* $10.80.

It would be difficult to complain about the handicaps. I don't remember when there was a more exciting finish in the Aqueduct or in the Edgemere. Pictor, who runs especially well during the autumn, won the Aqueduct from Blue Pair and The Rhymer. Then, in the Edgemere, The Rhymer, with a shift of three pounds in his favor, beat Pictor. The Rhymer, as you doubtless know, had flu when he was two years old, and after being nursed through that developed anemia, for which he was given blood transfusions. Well, he won the $50,000 Widener Cup for Mrs. Payne Whitney at Hialeah last March and $7,875 more for her the other afternoon, which is one way of paying the doctor's bill.

Easily the best performance of last week was Devil Diver's in the Agile High Weight Handicap. There were at least three things about that performance which must worry owners of the better three-year-olds: Devil Diver carried 140 pounds, he had decidedly the worst of the racing luck, and he ran the five and a half furlongs in 1:05, a new track record. It's interesting to recall that at the beginning of the season Devil Diver was considered the best distance runner of the Greentree three-year-olds, and

In New York



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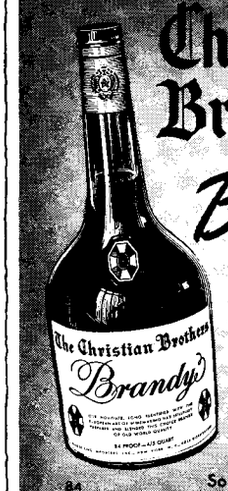

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Shut Out was looked upon as a sprinter. Now it seems to be the other way around.

JUST before Slide Rule came out for the Babylon Handicap, someone in the Boeing stable remarked casually that the colt was just about as good as his stablemate, Devil's Thumb. Nobody who heard the tip gave it a second thought—and it did seem a rather large order—until Slide Rule won at nearly 10–1. Then all the eavesdroppers remembered, and wished they'd believed their ears. It may even be that the stable's oracle is right. Last spring, Slide Rule was much more fancied than Devil's Thumb. As a matter of fact, he beat Devil's Luck quite as easily in the Babylon as Devil's Thumb did in the Grand Union. Unfortunately, there's no way of telling for certain which is the better colt, as Devil's Thumb is out of training for the season because of ankle trouble.

NOT all the stories of repatriates from the Far East are grim. Eugene Pawley, who used to be in charge of selling airplanes for the Intercontinent Corporation in China and went through the siege and occupation of Hong Kong, says that the meeting the Japanese put on a few months ago at the Happy Valley Race Course—a perfect name, if there ever was one—was the most bizarre you could imagine. None of the Japs knew a thing about racing, so the show was managed by Chinese jockeys and by the only English rider in the city, whom the Japanese would not intern because he knew a lot about horses. The boys ran everything to suit themselves, and, so far as they were concerned, the right horse always won.

MY favorite anecdote about boat races, as trumped-up events of the Happy Valley kind are sometimes called, concerns the late Joe the Boss, back in the days of prohibition. Joe really had quite a flair for racing. Once, and it may have been right at Aqueduct, too, he bet heavily that the favorite would not win a certain steeplechase. For a turn and a half of the field the favorite led by lengths, while down at the rail, in an agony of suspense, Joe kept muttering, "Whensa dat fella gonna fall off?" The boy jumped—at the very last fence. —AUDAX MINOR

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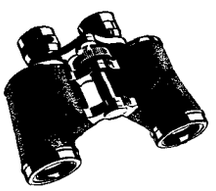
—Headline in Victory, a magazine issued by the OEM.

You can't say war is *all* bad.



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Heritage from Saratoga

Of all they faced that day at Saratoga, Burgoyne's Redcoats remembered longest the withering accuracy of Morgan's Virginia riflemen. So it was at the Cowpens, at New Orleans, in the Argonne. All down the years, America's opponents have learned a healthy respect for the armies of a nation of riflemen.

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And the accuracy of American naval gunners is due in no small measure to the excellence of optical gunfire control equipment—range finders, binoculars, aerial height finders—produced by Bausch & Lomb.

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NOTES ON SPORTS

Honorable Mention

THIS department having nursed the St. Louis Cardinals carefully through the season and having brought them, by remote but iron control, to their manifest destiny, it is only fitting that there be tribute paid here to the gallant stand made by another team which has all along defied destiny and created something of a pennant race in the National League. The Brooklyn Dodgers are even now in a position to win the pennant themselves in the event of mass suicide by the Cardinals. This is a remarkable achievement on the part of a club with no pitchers and with batters who are obliged to get on base by biting and scratching. Some of the credit must go to its manager, who has always had faith in his men—to such an extent that he has not been afraid to get himself tossed off the field from time to time and leave them on their own. Some credit, too, must go to the loyal Brooklyn rooters who have closed their eyes to stern facts and beguiled themselves with the notion that theirs was a ball team worth going to Ebbets Field, where visibility is practically zero, to catch an occasional glimpse of. At the same time, acknowledgment should be made to the club's president, who took a realistic attitude and gently broke it to his players late in the season that, in spite of a lead of several games, they were a bunch of bums. This must have lessened the shock when it finally came.

On the other hand, the Cardinals should be scolded some for worrying the saner segments of fandom. It wasn't until a week or so ago that they came out in the open and ordered the printing of World Series tickets, the first actual tip-off to their intentions. Although they can't at any time have thought of ignoring the mandate of National League supporters to oppose, as the team best fitted for the job, the New York Yankees in the Series, they may conceivably have given some of those supporters uneasy moments.

THE Eastern Army All-Star football team was a definite shock to the New York Giants, whom it played

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A TASTE OF
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Peek Frean's biscuits and All-Wheat Crispbread once brought to Americans a taste of England. The stern business of war has now intervened, but with victory there will come a day when you will again enjoy some of the good things made by this famous British firm.

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last Saturday, but there was something shocking, too, about the Giants themselves. Although they did make one commendable goal-line stand, there were many times during the game when they looked more like an all-star team than the Army—a more or less impromptu team, that is, whose members hadn't played together much and were a little hazy on their assignments. There was fumbling such as you would expect of a college team early in the fall but that somehow was embarrassing when committed by a grizzled old dog like Tuffy Leemans. Another fumbler was Leo Cantor, a Giant recruit from U.C.L.A., but he looked as though he would turn out to be a handy asset before the season is over, nevertheless. His elusion of a brace of blockers for a nick-of-time tackle of Corporal George Cafego in the second quarter was worth a fumble or two. The Giants were by no means incompetent, you understand; it's just that they were up against a team that knew everything. They didn't seem to be quite worth the optimism that Steve Owen, their coach, was expressing after the game. They were only licked 16–0, he pointed out, and it might easily have been less. If the two teams played again, this department will warrant, it would be a good bit more.

Sergeant Joe Louis (Barrow) will put his title on the line against Private Billy Conn on October 12th, thereby getting slightly rougher treatment in the service of his country than any other sergeant not actually being shot at. He has fought Conn before and is undoubtedly unalarmed at the physical punishment involved, but the prospect of risking his championship, the source of his peacetime income, for nothing should make him wince the least bit, especially since he still has $117,000 in back income tax to puzzle over. However, the prospect probably doesn't make him do any such thing, Louis being a sergeant who just admires to fight, and if all the money goes to Army Relief instead of to the relief of Louis, he'll probably figure it's at least the next best cause. —D. L.

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INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(GARDEN TOOL DIVISION)
[*From Time, August 17th*]

. . . Spanish Millionaire José Lazaro Galdeano, his loud necktie half hidden by a grey spade beard . . . —*Page 34.*
Professor Colman, spade-bearded, bachelor dean of a law school . . . —*Page 42.*
The grizzly, spade-bearded Nuncio said . . . —*Page 48.*

There are cordials and there are de Kuyper Cordials . . . and they are not the same. Fortunately, it is possible to purchase in America today, de Kuyper Cordials identical with those made in Holland for generations past. For distinguished entertaining, make sure you serve de Kuyper Cordials.

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VISITATION

MRS. JOHNSTON was feeling low that morning after a late evening in town attending a send-off party for a friend of her husband's who had just been drafted. She was drifting about the house in a state of morning aimlessness—pouring a little water on a plant here, straightening a picture there, sitting down to smoke a cigarette—when the front-door bell rang. Holding her pink negligee close around her, she opened the door a crack and peered out. A tall, bony, red-haired woman on the elderly and weather-beaten side stood there on the porch. She had pale, forbidding lips, suspicious green eyes, and wore a long gray coat and a small black patent-leather hat that looked as though it had been hammered out of a piece of iron.

"My mission is stated on this card," she said, proffering a rather soiled piece of printed matter. "All I ask is that you read it."

Cringing a little from the accusing green stare but determined to be kind, Mrs. Johnston opened the door wide, took the card, and read it. It said that the only hope of humanity was to start reading the Bible again, that there was no use reading the Bible if you couldn't understand it, that the books this Servant of the Lord's was carrying made the Bible clear, that this Servant was not selling books but saving souls.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Johnston politely, handing the card back. "I'm afraid I'm not interested."

The woman was removing books from a black string bag she had set on the floor beside her. "I'd like to come in and show you these," she said.

"I'm not interested," said Mrs. Johnston. She thought she detected a slight note of hysteria in her voice, and added firmly, "There's no use getting them all out."

The woman straightened up and held out a thin volume. "This only costs twenty-five cents," she said. "Is it askin' too much when your future life is at stake?"

"I'm sorry—" began Mrs. Johnston.

"I'm sorry, too," said the woman, and now she sounded not only grim but sad and disgusted. Her mouth twitched and her embittered eyes swept over Mrs. Johnston, who was young and blonde and pretty—over her pale-pink negligee and her slim, bare white ankles which showed above her pink satin mules. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," she said. "Nobody will listen any more, nobody cares. But they'll care. They'll care when it's too late."

A wave of deep depression, of sorrowful pity, surged over Mrs. Johnston. The woman's red, seamed face, her pallid mouth, her stolidly hopeless air added the final touch of wretchedness to Mrs. Johnston's morning. She had a sudden vision of endless doors, drab vistas of them, closing one by one against the implacable countenance of this Servant of the Lord's.

"I don't mean to be unkind," she said. "Wait a moment."

She went upstairs, tripping when one of her mules almost fell off, found a quarter in her purse, and came down again. "I'll buy the first book—that one," she said.

Without any sign of pleasure, the woman handed it to her and took the money. "That isn't the first book," she said. "It comes after this blue paper one, only ten cents. Without this one, you won't understand the second one. I see you want to find the light. You want to come up out of the shadows, don't you? You want God," she said with dull, hopeless emphasis, "and you can find Him if you want Him bad enough."

Mrs. Johnston felt a stab of healthy curiosity penetrating the bleakness of her mood. She wondered what could possibly cheer this woman up. If I bought all the books, she thought, would that do it? Would she agree then that I was saved? Mrs. Johnston was terribly tempted to find out.

"You have six more books there," she said. "What do they sell for?"

"A dollar for the lot," said the woman after a moment of silence. She held her tall, rawboned body erect and stared with sullen suspicion at Mrs. Johnston. "A dollar for the lot," she said, "and you're opening the door to the Lord."

But there was no joy, no hint of promise, in her face. Mrs. Johnston felt chilled and discouraged as she went upstairs to get the dollar.

THE woman handed her the books and took the money. Then she stood there, staring in at Mrs. Johnston. She looked troubled and bewildered, her air of wariness stronger than ever. It occurred to Mrs. Johnston that the present situation was unprecedented in the woman's experience, that she simply did not know what to say. But in a moment the woman recovered her voice. "No hope, no peace, no salvation," she intoned, as one repeating a well-learned lesson, and then added reluctantly, "without them books, which you now own."

"You think there is hope for me?" asked Mrs. Johnston, not without a touch of belligerence. "You think I'll be saved now?"

Grudgingly, the woman looked at her. The cold eyes swept over her again, from fluffy blonde hair to satin mules. Never had Mrs. Johnston seen a sadder, deeper, crueller stare. It laid her wide open, exposing every vital part. "You think I'm going to hell anyway, don't you?" she said angrily.

"That's up to you, Ma'am," said the Servant in her weary voice.

"Well, I've bought your books," said Mrs. Johnston, and was startled at her own shrill tones.

"You can't buy your way into heaven," said the woman contemptuously, and she picked up her limp, empty, black string bag and went striding off down the walk.

Mrs. Johnston went into the dining room and dumped the books down on the table. She stood glaring at them, then she began to giggle hysterically. On the sideboard was a bottle of Scotch which she and her husband had left there after having a nightcap the night before. She had never before taken a drink in the morning, but now she poured out a stiff one and tossed it down, the way she had seen her husband do. It burned her a little, but almost instantly the day was less bleak.

—WINIFRED WILLIS

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SAN FRANCISCO (UP)—Edward L. Hayes of Oakland, Cal., asked the Superior Court today to change his name legally to Tharnmidsbe L. Praghustaponifcem. He said he wanted the change made for "business and economic reasons."—*The Boston Traveler.*

We were wondering.

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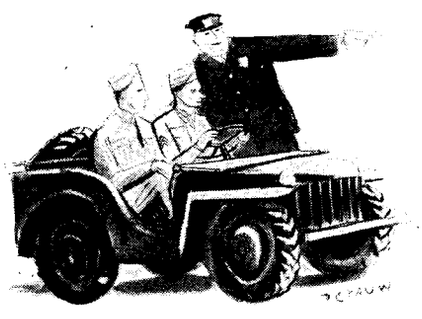
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, as quoted by the Associated Collegiate Press*]

"The war may last for an indefinite time or it may, through economic exhaustion, come to an end earlier than many anticipate."



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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

QUICKSILVER, by Fitzroy Davis. Six hundred and twenty pages about a theatrical company's road tour. Although written with no great respect for the niceties of the English language, the book manages to be absorbing even to readers not overly interested in the stage. The author tells his story with that single-mindedness, so characteristic of theatrical folk, which makes of every town, for the actor on the road, a triangle between station, hotel, and theatre. The characters are developed largely through their attitudes toward their parts—a striking, and in this case wholly successful, literary device.

DAKOTA IN THE MORNING, by William Harlowe Briggs. This is a warm-hearted story of the building of a Dakota town as seen through the eyes of a very likable little boy. A bit of pioneer history and a moving study of a child's heart, told in a style that is fresh and vigorous.

GENERAL

ALASKA UNDER ARMS, by Jean Potter. All you'd be likely to want to know at the moment about the present status of what used to be called Seward's Icebox and is now our bridge to—and from—Japan. Breezy, not too sub-surface spot reporting.

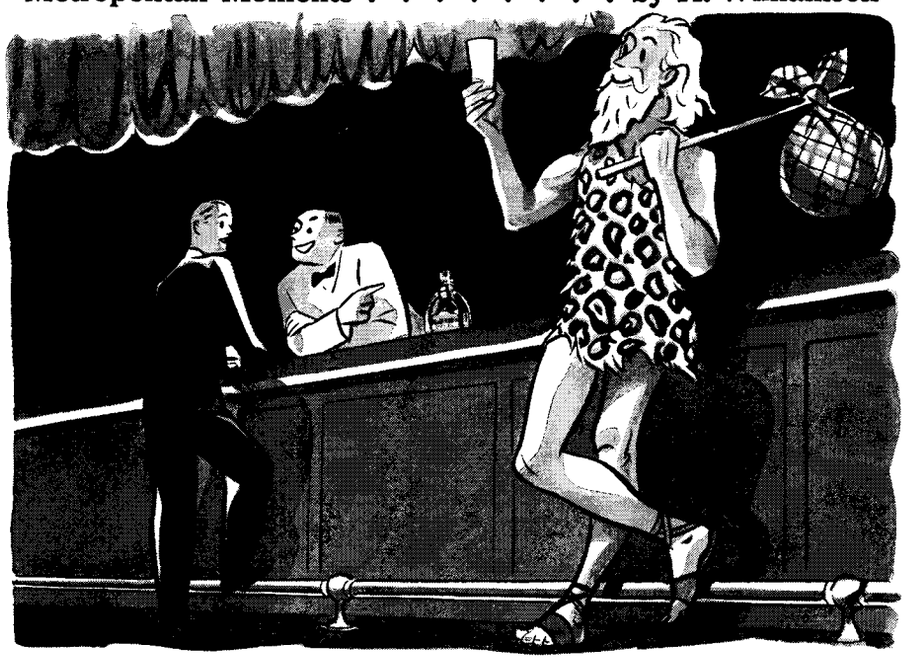
THE PRE-RAPHAELITE TRAGEDY, by William Gaunt. Rossetti, Hunt, Millais, and Morris are the central figures of this witty, closely studied account of an un-Victorian Victorian movement. Mr. Gaunt at times reminds us of Strachey, and his book is consistently readable, provided you are interested in the subject.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE FALLEN SPARROW, by Dorothy B. Hughes. Kit McKittrick, an American who fought in the Spanish Civil War and was captured by the Fascists, is released from prison and returns to America to find himself involved in the mysterious death of the friend who procured his release. A beautifully told story of terror by the author of "The So Blue Marble." Recommended.

NOBODY'S VINEYARD, by H. C. Bailey. The death of an orphan boy causes Joshua Clunk, the London lawyer, and his clerk, Hopley, to start an investigation. Two more people are

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . by H. Williamson



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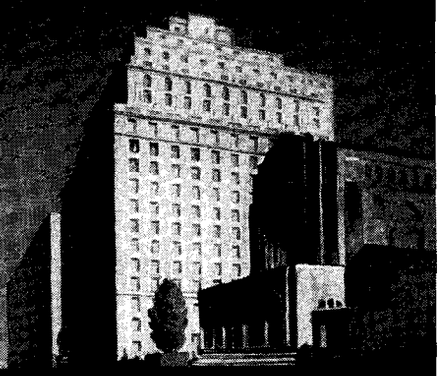

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murdered before the mysterious doings are cleared up.

MURDER AT THE KENTUCKY DERBY, by Charles Parmer. Major Roderick Austen, an investigator for the Kentucky Racing Commission, has a little arbitration to do over the ownership of the Derby favorite. His decision is just, but he fails to prevent a murder which involves a lot of people connected with racing. Fast-moving story about gambling rings and gentlemen-sportsmen, written with authority.

THE HANGMAN'S HANDYMAN, by Hake Talbot. An ancient manuscript dealing with demonology and necromancy is read aloud at a dinner party on an island off the Carolina coast. A death that at first appears to have been caused by a family curse turns out to have been the result of poison. Fine reading for those who like a haunted atmosphere.

DEAD OF THE NIGHT, by John Rhode. Colonel Chalgrove of the English Home Guard mysteriously vanishes during a night exercise of a village company. Well-written tale of the Home Guard at work, preparing for the day when Nazi paratroops might land. For readers who do not like to be too ruffled.

NO CRIME FOR A LADY, by Zelda Popkin. A loud explosion awakens Mary Carner and her husband. They find that one of their neighbors has been murdered; the ignition wires of his car had been attached to a charge of dynamite. The setting is New York City and the characters are a mixed lot, involved in political double-dealings and love affairs. As an extra pinch of salt, the author has added an escaped inmate of an insane asylum. Very satisfactory.

THE SHIVERING BOUGH, by Noel Burke. Dick Hayes, hitchhiking to California in search of a job, discovers a murder on a Middle Western farm. Family intrigue over the sabotaging of the estate by Rufus Hollister, uncle and trustee, brings about two more murders. Nice sleuthing by the hitchhiker, and a trick ending that is new.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Announcement from the Gramercy Park Cinema*]

Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney, in
"RINGS ON HER FINGERS"
with Laird Cregar, Spring Byington.
Gay, enervating comedy . . .

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DELICATE AROMA
RICH BODY
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11 Years Old For Aroma —1 per cent
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5 Years Old For Character —50 per cent
5 Years Old For Flavor— 33 per cent
5 Years Old For "Tang" —5 per cent
Golden Wedding

• If taste can be pictured, *this* is a picture of the enjoyment a sip of *Golden Wedding* gives you!

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Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

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